Victorious Service Songs

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Victorious Service Songs

RODEHEAVER'S
COMBINATION SONG BOOK
FOR ALL SERVICES

Compiled by
HOMER RODEHEAVER

Edited by
CHARLES H. GABRIEL

PRICES

	Single Copies postpaid	*Per 100 not postpaid*
Full Cloth, Board - - -	***45c***	***$40.00***
High Grade Manila - -	***30c***	***$25.00***

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

ORCHESTRATIONS
(Ready about Sept. 1st)

1. First Violin
2. Second Violin
3. Viola
4. Cello and Bass
5. Flute
6. First B♭ Clarionet
7. Second B♭ Clarionet
8. E♭ Saxopohones or Altos (1st and 2nd)
9. Cornets (1st and 2nd)
10. Trombone (Treble)
11. Trombone (Bass)
12. Piano

Price: $1.50 per volume, $1.25 each in lots of six or more.
$14.00 for complete set—12 volumes.

THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY

218 So. Wabash Ave.
Chicago

721 Arch Street
Philadelphia

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Preface

We believe that our friends and the great public will be better pleased with VICTORIOUS SERVICE SONGS than any other book we have published. Twenty years of association in writing, selecting and publishing gospel songs, combined with the knowledge acquired by observation in conducting the music of the largest congregations and choruses ever assembled for christian worship, has given us a wealth of experience, the result of which we are passing on to you in this volume.

From the beginning of our song-ministry our ambition has been to raise the standard of gospel hymns and songs, we realized that this could not be brought about suddenly, but must be accomplished through a steady and natural growth. While fully appreciating the value of many of the old standard hymns (which appear in the hymn section in the larger type), we are firmly convinced that the tuneful, melodious gospel song must not be lost if we are to attract and retain the interest of young people in the service of song—that vital factor of importance to the present and future activities of the church.

With a reasonable number of new songs, together with many of the popular modern favorites, we have herein included a large number of the most famous hymns and tunes of the church—a combination of both new and old songs that will admirably serve each and every department of the church work and worship.

May you use it in Victorious Service for Him.

Homer Rodeheaver

Elias K. Gabriel

Victorious Service Songs

1 Lead On, O King Eternal.

Ernest W. Schurtleff. Henry Smart.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears,

Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet a - men of peace;
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;

Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with words loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us, We jour - ney in its light;

And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n-ly king - dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest: Lead on, O Lord of might.

Steal Away to Jesus.

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Samuel M. Glasgow. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 76 = ♩

1. Steal a-way to Je - sus, to the se - cret place of prayer; Steal a - way to
2. Steal a-way to Je - sus, sorrow-crowned His life has been; Steal a - way to
3. Steal a-way to Je - sus, with the vex - ing cares that fret; Steal a - way to

Je-sus, for that fel-low-ship so rare; He has tast - ed our life's grief, He can
Je-sus, His blood cov-ers ev - 'ry sin; He has ev - er loved you so, there the
Je-sus, where your trials you'll for-get; He your soul is ev - er near, to His

give you full re - lief: Steal a - way to Je-sus, His own peace will greet you there.
peace of God you'll know: Steal a - way to Je-sus, healing grace you'll have with-in.
heart your life is dear: Steal a - way to Je-sus, where the ban-quet feast is set.

CHORUS.

Steal a-way, steal a-way to the se - cret place of
Steal a - way, steal a - way to the se - cret place, the

prayer; Steal a-way to Je - sus, face to face He'll meet you there.
place of prayer; Steal a - way to Je - sus,

O How Love I Thy Law.

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James McGranahan.

M. 60 = ♩.

1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are,
3. More-o - ver they, Thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame.
4. Who can his er - rors un - der-stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

The judg-ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey from the hon - ey - comb That drop-peth sweet - er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump-tuous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i-

ta - tion all..... the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

rit.

love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day."(all the day.")

I Know Whom I Have Believed.

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El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wear - y ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per - suad-ed that He is

a - ble To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."

Love Led Him to Calvary.

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Geo. O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 138 = ♩.

1. Love led the Sav - ior, in days long a - go, Down to earth's
2. Love, for a man - ger, a - ban - doned a throne, Seek - ing the
3. See - ing the soul in its in - fi - nite worth, Stoop - ing, in
4. Long - ing, in pit - y, the lost ones' to save, Brav - ing the

dark-ness, its sin and its woe; Seek-ing the lost ones, His mer - cy to
sin - ful, the sad and the lone; Yearn-ing to win them and make them His
love, to the low - li - est birth, Seek-ing the lost in the by - ways of
Gar - den, the Cross and the Grave, Seek-ing this on - ly, the sin - ful to

CHORUS. *Faster.*

show, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
own, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry. Love led Him to
earth, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
save, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.

Cal - va - ry, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry; Seek - ing the

lost, at the ut - ter - most cost, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.

I Would Be Like Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev - 'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;

Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je-sus.

Praises.

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W. A. P. W. A. Post.

M. 104 = ♩

1. Praise we God the Fa-ther, Ho-ly One, Thou who sit-test on Thy
2. Praise we now the Son, the Gift of God, Thou who sav-est by Thy
3. Praise we God the Spir-it, Ho-ly One, Thou who showest all things

heav'n-ly throne, Grateful hearts we bring to Thee, Lives of serv-ice
pre - cious blood; Thee we own as Priest and King, While our hearts and
of the Son; Thou who wouldst our Leader be, Help-ing us the

Thine to be. Prais-es, prais-es! Praise we now the Tri-une God.
voi - ces sing Prais-es, prais-es! Praise we now the Tri-une God.
light to see; Prais-es, prais-es! Praise we now the Tri-une God.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord;... I will praise the Lord.... With my whole heart

Praise ye the Lord; I will praise, will praise the Lord

in the as-sem-bly of the up - right: Prais-es to the Tri - une God.

The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

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Eleanor Allen Schroll. J. H. Fillmore.

M. 46 = ♩

1. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, There's a place that is wondrous-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres-ence, 'Tis the
2. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And I go with my bur-den and care, Just to learn from His lips words of com-fort, In the
3. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And He bids you to come meet Him there; Just to bow, and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the

REFRAIN.

beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer. O the beau-ti-ful gar-den, the gar-den of prayer, O the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer; There my Savior a-waits, and He o-pens the gates To the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. Mendelssohn.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King,
2. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!
3. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom - an's conqu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser-pent's head;

Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise; Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place:

With th'an-gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth;
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love;

With th'an-gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Jesus, Rose of Sharon.

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Ida A. Guirey. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92 = ♩

1. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, bloom with-in my heart; Beau - ties of Thy
2. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, sweet - er far to see Than the fair - est
3. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, balm for ev - 'ry ill, May Thy ten - der
4. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, bloom for - ev - er-more; Be Thy glo - ry

truth and ho - li - ness im - part, That wher-e'er I go my life may
flow'rs of earth could ev - er be, Fill my life com-plete - ly, add - ing
mer - cies heal - ing pow'r dis - til For af - flict - ed souls of wea - ry,
seen on earth from shore to shore, Till the na-tions own Thy sov'reign-

shed a - broad Fra - grance of the knowledge of the love of God.
more each day Of Thy grace di - vine and pu - ri - ty, I pray.
bur - dened men, Giv - ing need - y mor-tals health and hope a - gain.
ty com-plete, Lay their hon - ors down and wor - ship at His feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus,..... Rose of Shar - on,.....
Bless - ed Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,

Bloom in ra - diance and in love with - in my heart.

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

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Frances R. Havergal. George C. Stebbins.

M. 88 = ♩.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un-der the stand-ard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al - le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o - be-dience, Free-ly and joy-ous - ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec - tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur - ren-dered and wholly Thine own.

CHORUS.

Peal si-lence nev-er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the

Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal watch-word! loy - al for-ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

loy - al King

We March to Victory.

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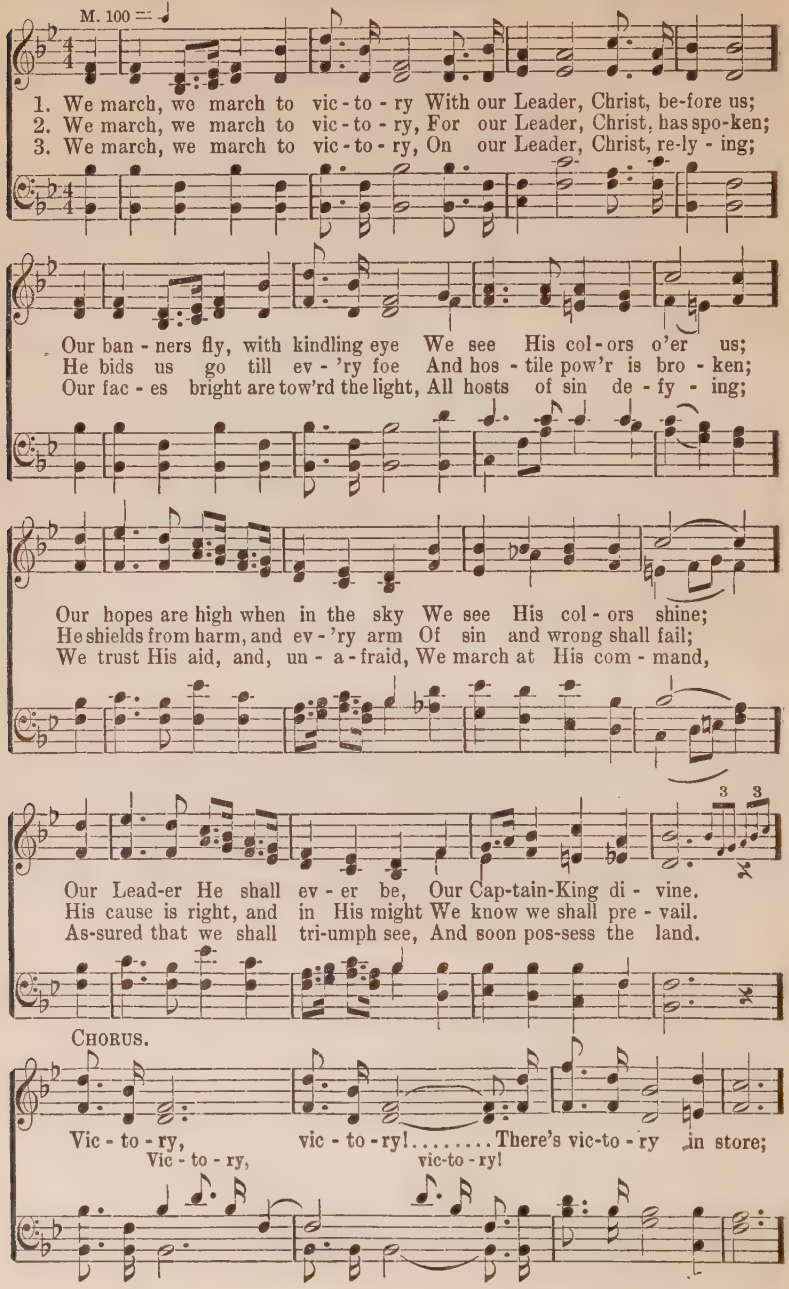
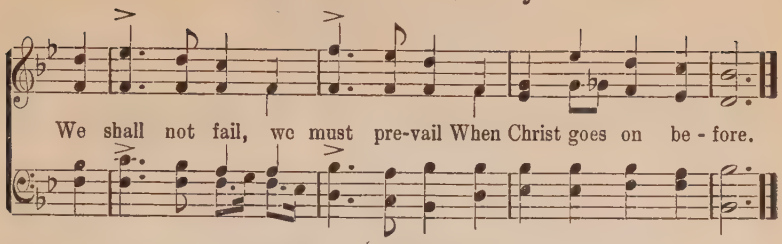
George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.



We March to Victory.



13 Praise His Name.

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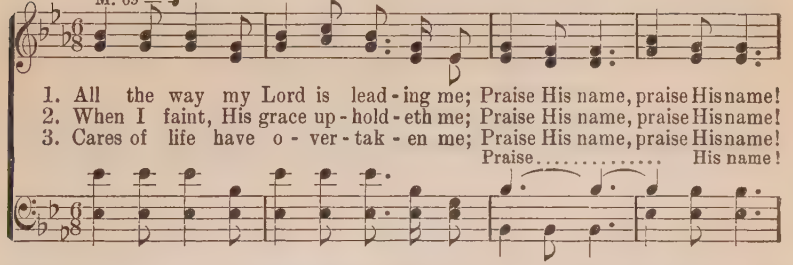
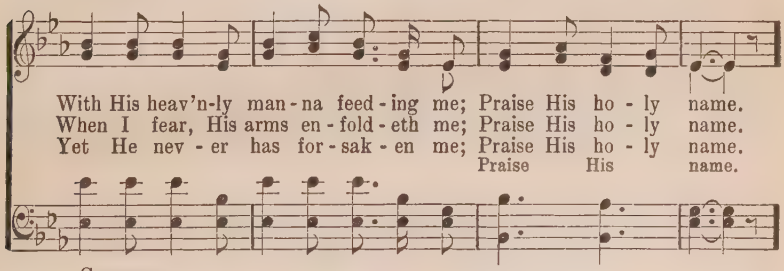
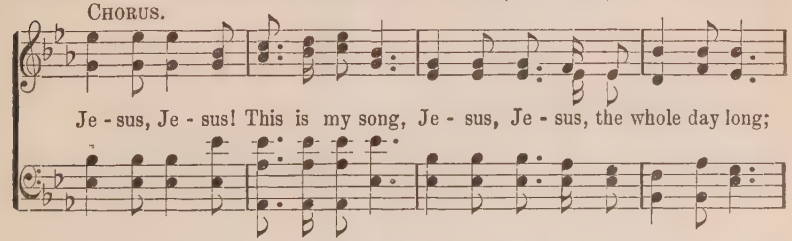
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

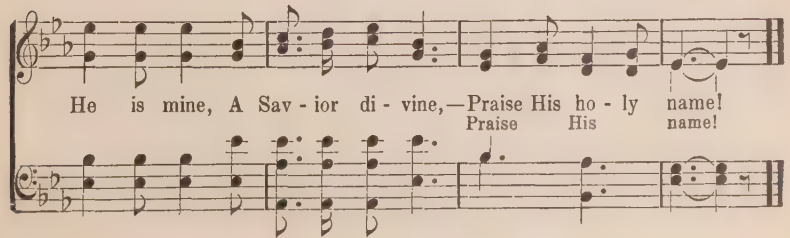
M. 69 = ♩





CHORUS.





Trust and Obey.

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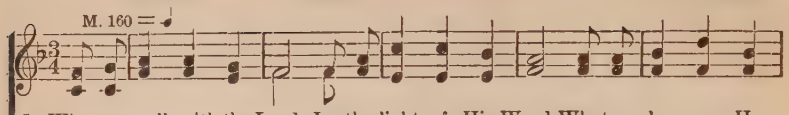
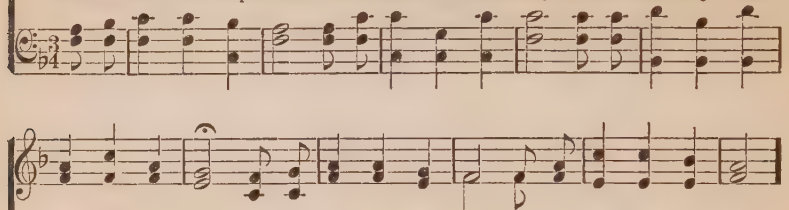
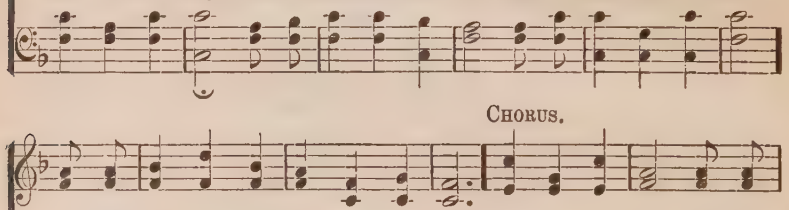


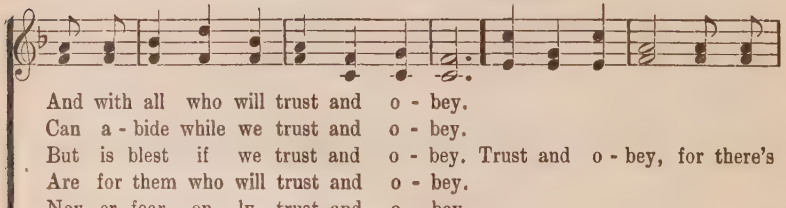
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



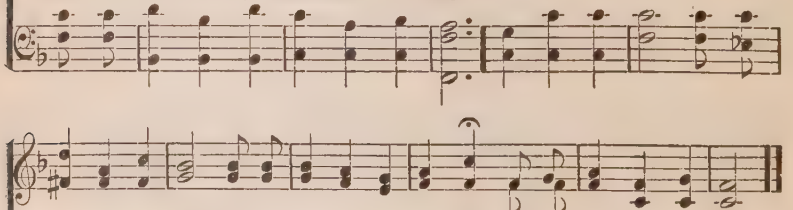
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—



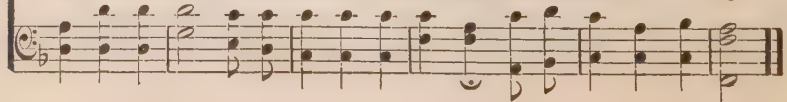
CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.



The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. from Dunham.

M. 100 = ♩

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

CHORUS.

I am bound for the promised land,.. I am bound for the promised land;
land,..... the promised land;

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

He Keeps Me Singing.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

L. B. B. — L. B. Bridgers.

M. 100 = ♩

1. There's with-in my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star - ry sky;

"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept a-cross the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,—Sweet - est name I know,
Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

He Will Not Let Me Fall.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. My faith temp - ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal - ter, filled with fear, I can - not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall,

He is my Strength, my Hope, my all, He will not let me fall.

Where the Cross is Leading.

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Lizzie DeArmond and Jennie Ree. B. D. Ackley.

M. 104 = ♩

1. On where the cross is lead - ing, Un - der the glo - rious ban - ner
2. Clos - er a - round us throng - ing Gath - er the might-y hosts of
3. On where the cross is lead - ing! Fear not, tho' marching days be

go; March - ing in phal - anx brave and strong, We fear not to
sin; Yet, while our great Com - mand - er leads, We'll fight, and the
long; Ours is the bat - tle, His the tri - umph, Ours be the

CHORUS.

meet the foe. On, on, u - nit - ed in His love!
tri - umph win.
vic - tor's song. On, on, on, on, u - nit - ed in His love!

On, on, to joy and peace a-bove; March-ing to-geth - er,
On, on, on, on,

loy - al for - ev - er, Je - sus is lead - ing,—on for the King!

Oh, What a Change.

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Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.

M. 60 = ♩.

1. Soon will our Sav - ior from heav - en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone-li - ness changed to re - un - ion com-plete, Ab - sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will

hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a
changed for a place at His feet, Sleep - ing ones raised in a
changed to the brightness of day, Tem-pest will change to in-
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor - row will change to un-

glimpse of His face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
mo - ment of time, Liv-ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
ef - fa - ble calm, Weeping will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
end - ing de - light, Walking by faith change to walk-ing by sight!

CHORUS.

1

Oh, what a change,.... oh, what a change,.... When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,

2

see.. His won - der - ful face! When I shall see.. His face!

Come In.

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Margaret Adams. Ethel Wakefield.

M. 100 =

1. O Sav - ior, Thou art pa - tient still, Tho' I have grieved Thee sore,
2. I see Thee yon - der on the cross, And hear Thy prayer for me—
3. I yield at last, O bless - ed One, The door stands o - pen wide!

Have slight - ed Thee, be - trayed and De - nied Thee o'er and o'er;
O love, O grace a - maz - ing! Dear Lord, how can it be?
Be - hold, and hear me plead - ing With Thee to come in - side.

Yet in Thy mer - cy wide and deep Thou hast not turned a - way,
It was my sins that nailed Thee there, And Thou didst take my place
Thy name shall be my sweet - est song, My joy, my pride, my boast;

FINE.

For, lo! I find Thee wait - ing Out - side my door to - day.
To die for my trans - gres - sions, And for the hu - man race.
Come in, come, Ab - ba Fa - ther, Come, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

D.S.—*For O I need, I need Thee, Whom once I cru - ci - fied.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Come in, Come in, Too long have I de - nied,
O Lord, come in! To cleanse my sin;

In the Garden.

C. A. M.

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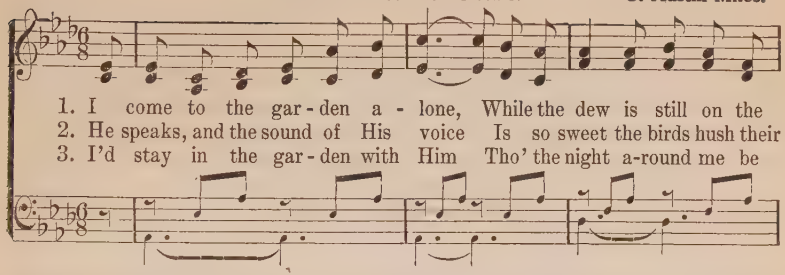
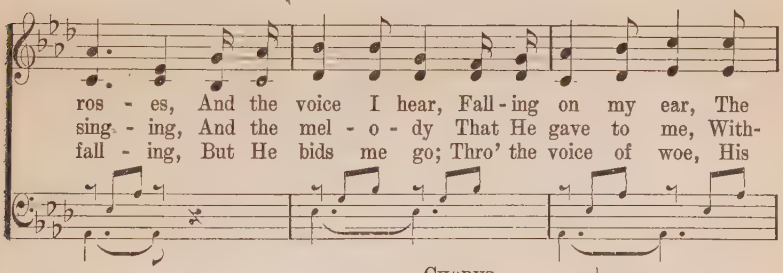
C. Austin Miles.

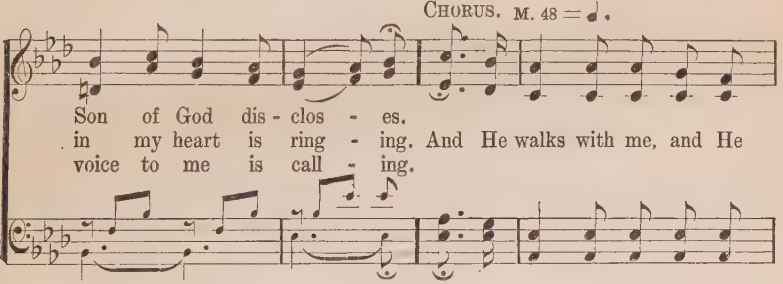


1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

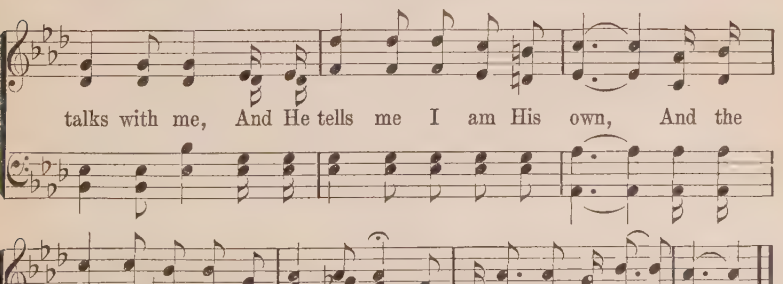


ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

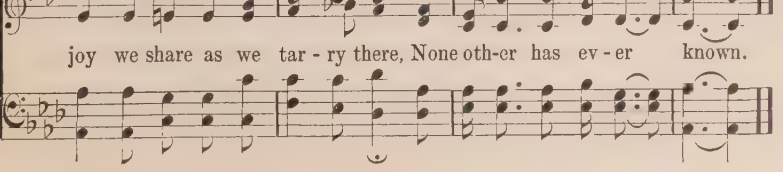
CHORUS. M. 48 = ♩.



Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the



joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

Back to the Faith of My Childhood.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

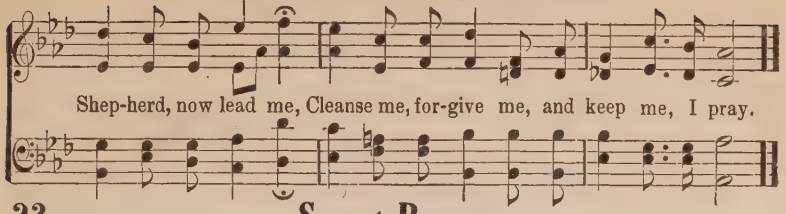
M. 69 = ♩

1. Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood, Back to the place where my heart loved to pray, Back to the friend-ship of Chris-tian be-liev-ers, Back to the hope that burned brighter each day.
2. Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood, Back to the faith that I lost long a-go, Back to the place where I part-ed with Je-sus, Back to the joy that my soul longs to know.
3. Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood, Back to the hope once so strong in my breast; Give back the joy I once had in be-liev-ing, An-chor my soul in that ha-ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood; Like the lost sheep I have wan-dered a-way; Back to the fold, gen-tle

Back to the Faith of My Childhood.



23 Secret Prayer.

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Male Voices sing the melody.

M. 69 = ♩

1. Sweet se - cret prayer, com - fort di - vine, There, O my
2. Sweet se - cret prayer, com - fort di - vine, There do Thine
3. Sweet se - cret prayer, com - fort di - vine, There do I

Lord, I know Thou art mine; Great Mas - ter, there in
arms, Lord, round me en - twine; Riv - ers of love and
feel I tru - ly am Thine; Heav'n's win-dows o - pen,

se - cret with Thee,... Heav-en comes near-er and near - er to me.
mer - cy there flow,.... Balm for all sor - row that mor - tal can know.
Je - sus is near,.... Near to my soul, and the Fa - ther will hear.

CHORUS.

Blessings attend and fol-low us there; Heaven comes nearer and nearer in prayer.

Who Could It Be?

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Fred P. Morris. Robert Harkness.

DUET. M. 80 = ♩.

1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-
3. Some-bod-y whis-pered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guid-ing my feet lest I should

y, Some-bod-y came, oh, who could it be, Who could it
ly, Some-bod-y came, oh, who could it be, Who could it
go, Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it
stray, Walk-ing with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it

CHORUS.

be but Je-sus? Who could it be, O who could it
Je - - sus, Je - -

be? Who could it be but Je-sus? Who could it
sus, Je - -

p/p

be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus?
rall.
sus, yes, Je - - sus,

25 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92 = ♩

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

old, old sto-ry; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav-ior calls,
will be end-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn-ing! Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die—

CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo-ry.
With e-ter-ni-ty is blend-ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.
For that day my heart is yearn-ing.

star-ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev-er; At His feet I'll

lay ev-'ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for-ev-er.

Above song recorded by Mr. Chas. H. Gabriel on RAINBOW RECORD-10215

He That Winneth Souls is Wise.

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Peter Hanson. J. M. Northwood.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. Go out on the streets and the high - ways, Go out with the
2. Go forth in the strength of the Mas - ter, Fear noth - ing, for
3. Go out and from bond-age de - liv - er; Go free them from
4. Go out and pro-claim it with glad - ness, The sto - ry that

mes - sage of love; Go tell in the cor - ners and by - ways,
He is your Guide; Go res - cue their souls from dis - as - ter,
strug - gle and strife, And tell them that Christ, the Life - giv - er,
ev - er is new, That Je - sus from sor - row and sad - ness

REFRAIN.

Of Je - sus, the Friend from a - bove.
The Sav - ior will stand by your side. For he..... that is
Is a - ble to give them new life.
Can save and re - ceive e - ven you. For he that is wise,

wise,..... He..... that is wise,.....
he that is wise, He that is wise win - neth souls, win-neth souls,

For he that is wise win - neth souls.....
souls, win - neth souls....

The End of the Road.

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Lizzie DeArmond. Elton M. Roth.

M. 108 = ♩

1. When I come to the end of the long, long road, The shad-ows will flee a - way, And I'll stand in the glo - ri - ous light of God,
2. Look-ing back o'er the years that were hard and drear, The hand of the Christ I'll see; While my heart will go forth with a song of praise,
3. When I come to the end of the long, long road, And tri - als will all be past, I shall look in the face of my dear-est Friend,

CHORUS.

Where dwell - eth e - ter - nal day.....When I come to the end, the
Be - cause of His love for me.....
Safe home in His heav'n at last.....When I come to the end of the road, To the land of e - ter - ni - ty, When I come to the end of life's long road, The face of my Lord I'll see.

rit.

Receive My Cry.

C. H. G.

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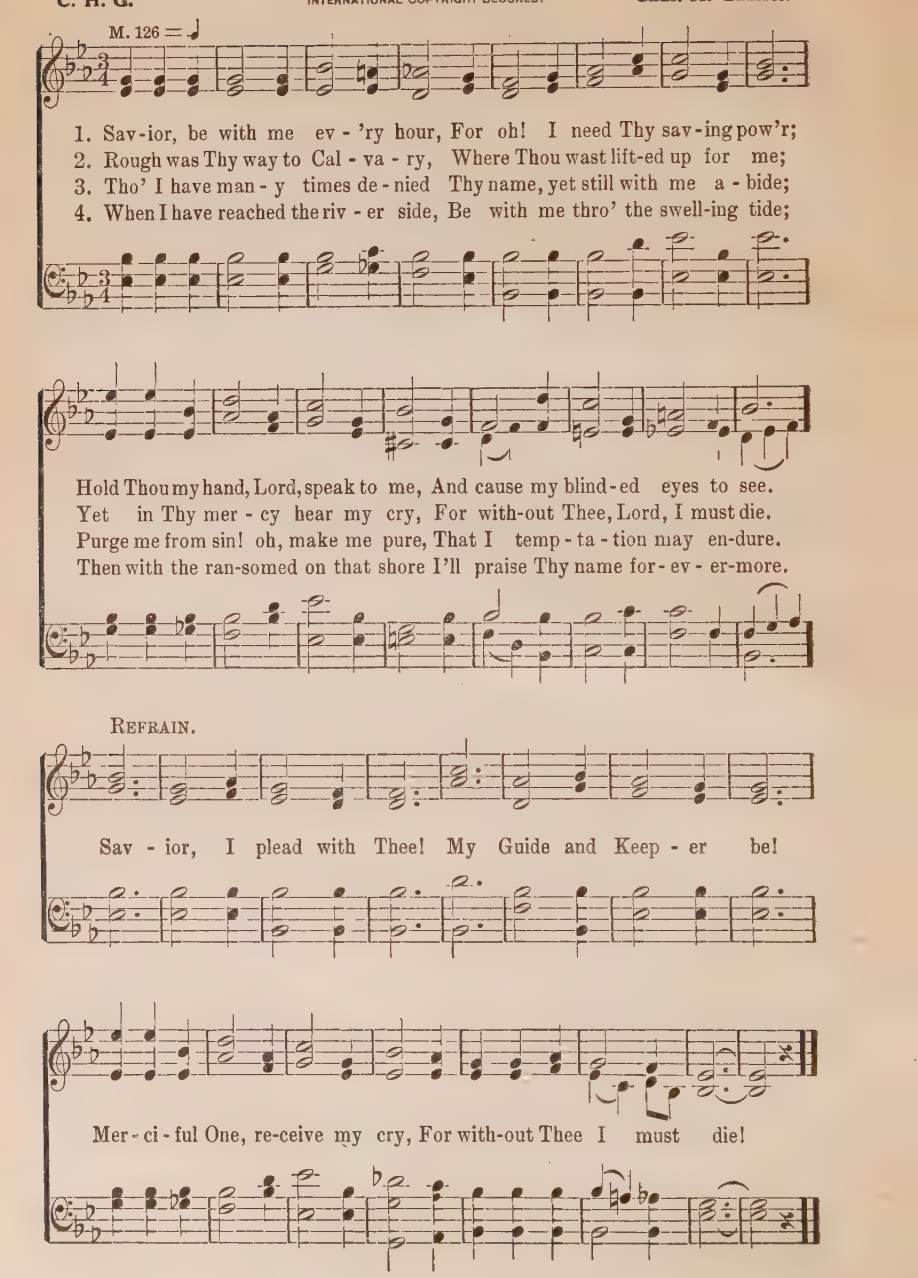
Chas. H. Gabriel.



Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

M. 72 = ♩.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers on the moun - tain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His mes - sage re - peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the fall - en; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

{ Go - ing a - far / In - to the fold } up - on the moun-tain, / of my Re-deem - er,

{ Go-ing a - far..... / In - to the fold..... } up - on the moun - tain,.... / of my Re - deem - er,..... Bring-ing the / Je - sus, the

1 2

Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain, / Je - sus, the Lamb for sin-ners (*Omit*.....) } slain, for sin-ners slain.

wan - - - d'rer back a - gain,..... / Lamb..... for sin - ners (*Omit*.....) } slain.....

'Tis Jesus!

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Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. Robert Harkness.

DUET. M. 104 = ♩

1. I know of a world that is sunk in shame, Where hearts oft faint and tire; But I know of a Name, A pre-cious Name, That can set that world on fire: Its sound is sweet, Its let - ters flame.
2. I know of a Book, A mar-vel-ous Book, With a message for all who hear; And the same dear Name, His wonderful Name, Il - lu-mines its pa - ges clear: The Book is His Word, Its mes-sage I've heard.
3. I know of a Home In Im - man-u-el's land, Where hearts ne'er faint nor tire; And His marvelous Name, His own dear Name, In - spires the heav'n-ly choir: Hear the mel-o-dy ring-ing, My own heart sing-ing.
4. I know of a Day, A glo-ri - ous Day, When He will come a- gain; Then crown Him King, His prais - es sing When He be- gins His reign. 'Tis the Day of the Lord, fore-told in His Word;

'Tis Jesus.

REFRAIN.

I know of a name, a pre - cious name, 'Tis Je - - - - sus.
'Tis Je - sus.

31 He Took My Place.

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Lizzie DeArmond. H. A. Henry.

M. 63 = ♩

1. He took my place, the Son of God, For me life's thorn-y path-way trod;
2. He took my place! O wondrous love, That I may live with Him a - bove;
3. He took my place, His life He gave On Cal - va - ry, my soul to save;

On Him my man - y sins were laid, The ran-som price He ful - ly paid.
A "Man of Sor-rows" oft was He, Whose blood was shed to set me free.
The joy of heav'n in - deed will be, To see the Christ who died for me.

CHORUS.

He took my place! O joy di - vine, That I can call this Sav - ior mine;

When I shall see Him face to face, I'll praise His name who took my place.

Would He Know Me?

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Mrs. A. W. Harris. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 63 = ♩

1. If the Christ were here to-day, Would He know me by the way
2. If the Christ were here to-day, Would He know me by the way
3. If the Christ were here to-day, Would He know me by the way

I re-flect the light He shed–By the path in which I tread?
I go out to help the poor, As He did in days of yore?
I go out some soul to win From the broad high-ways of sin?

Would He find me by the side Of the one so full of pride,
Would He know me by my life, In this world of sin and strife,
Would He find me by the one Whom so man - y oth - ers shun,

And ap - prove the words I speak, As the wan - der - er I seek?
As the fall - en ones I raise As He did in old - en days?
Point-ing out a bet-ter way, Help-ing oth - ers day by day?

CHORUS. M. 46 = ♩.

Oh,.....would He know me, Oh,..... would He know
Oh, would He know me, would He know me, Oh would He know me, would He

Would He Know Me?

me, Oh, ... would He know me, If Christ were here to-day?
know me, Oh, would He know me, would He know me, If Christ were here to - day?

33 Flow On.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = ♩

1. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup-plies the cit - y
2. That sa - cred stream, Thy ho - ly Word, Sup-ports our faith, our
3. Loud may the troub - led o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our

of our God: Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing through, And
fears con - trols; Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford, And
souls a - bide; While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trem-

pp cres. accel. Bass well marked.

wa - t'ring our di - vine a - bode.
give new strength to faint - ing souls. Flow on si - lent riv - er, flow
bles and dreads the swell - ing tide.

f *ff*

on, flow for - ev - er! Thy wa-ters shall fail us nev - er, Flow, flow, flow!

My Redeemer.

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P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

M. 72 = ♩.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem-er, With His
Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

blood..... He purchased me,..... On the cross..... He sealed my
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, He sealed my pardon, On the

Repeat pp after last verse.

par-don, Paid the debt..... and made me free.....
cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.

Kim and Nyland sing above on RAINBOW RECORD—1013

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

M. 112 = ♩

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go!
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, Which can nev-er fail.
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Transformed.

Mrs. F. G. Burroughs.

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B. D. Ackley.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Dear Lord, take up the tan - gled strands, Where we have wrought in vain,
2. Touch Thou the sad, dis - cord - ant keys Of ev - 'ry troub - led breast,
3. Where bro - ken vows in frag - ments lie— The toll of wast - ed years,—
4. Take all the fail - ures, each mis - take Of our poor, hu - man ways,

That by the skill of Thy dear hands Some beau - ty may re - main.
And change to peace - ful har - mo - nies The sigh - ings of un - rest.
Do Thou make whole a - gain, we cry, And give a song for tears.
Then, Sav - ior, for Thine own dear sake, Make them show forth Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Trans - formed by grace di - vine, The glo - - ry shall be Thine;
Trans - formed The glo - ry

To Thy most ho - ly will, O Lord, We now our all re - sign.

Christ Returneth.

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CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

H. L. Turner. James McGranahan.

M. 112 = ♩

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It
3. While His hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With
4. O joy! O de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No

sun-light thro' dark - ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will
may be, per-chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to
glo - ri - fied saints and the an - gels at - tend-ing, With grace on His
sick-ness, no sad - ness, no dread, and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the

come in the full-ness of glo - ry To re-ceive from the world His own.
light in the blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re-ceives His own.
brow, like a ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re-ceive "His own."
clouds with our Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re-ceives His own.

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

Win Them One by One.

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C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

M. 100 = ♩

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men redeemed we strive to bring,
2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis-use;
4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un-to the Lord;

Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.
They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by prayer.
Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

CHORUS.

{ So you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
{ If you'll bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me, In

1

all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth-er, And see what can be done;

2

no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

Leave It All to Jesus.

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Rev. T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. I left it all with Je - sus, The load of sin I bore, Its crush-ing
2. I left it all with Je - sus, The mys-t'ry of my pain, The meaning
3. O troub-led heart and wea - ry, Have you a bur-den too? You need not

weight He lift - ed, I car - ry it no more; I left it all with
of my sor-row,—Some day He'll make it plain; I left it all with
bear it lon - ger, He'll car-ry it for you! The past of sin and

Je - sus, The bur-den of my care, The tho't of life's to-mor-row, And
Je - sus, And now I am at rest, My all is in His keep-ing, And
fail - ure, The fu-ture strange and dim, The pres-ent need or tri - al, O

CHORUS.

what a-waits me there.
what He wills is best. Leave it all with Je - sus, And tho' the
leave it all with Him!

path be dim With fear and dark forebodings, O leave it all with Him!

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Edmund H. Sears. **Richard S. Willis.**

M. 56 = ♩.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world hath suf - fered long;
4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on By proph-et - bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Be - neath the an - gel strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of wrong;
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
And man, at war with man, hears not The words of peace they bring:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. Tho' your heart may be heav - y with sor - row and care, You may
2. Let the well by the way - side that flows un - to all Strength im-
3. For the work that you faith-ful - ly, will - ing - ly do, You shall

oth - ers to glad - ness be - guile, If a face like the light of the
part for each step of the mile; Let your faith the great prom-is - es
reap a re - ward af - ter - while; On - ly grace in your serv-ice can

CHORUS.

morn-ing you wear, And car-ry your cross with a smile! Car-ry your cross with a
oft - en re - call, And car-ry your cross with a smile!
glo - ri - fy you, So car-ry your cross with a smile! Car - ry your cross

smile,..... Car - ry your cross with a smile;.... You may oth - ers from
with a smile, Car - ry your cross with a smile;

sad-ness to glad-ness be-guile, If you car - ry your cross with a smile!

Above song recorded by Homer Rodeheaver on RAINBOW RECORD—1003

42 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.

M. 84 = ♩

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—

f. FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

43 The Solid Rock.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 66 = ♩

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace:
   { In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vale. }

The Solid Rock.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

44 Savior, More Than Life.

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F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

M. 69 = ♩

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

f FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

D.S.–*May Thy ten-der love to me, Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

I Have Heaven Here.

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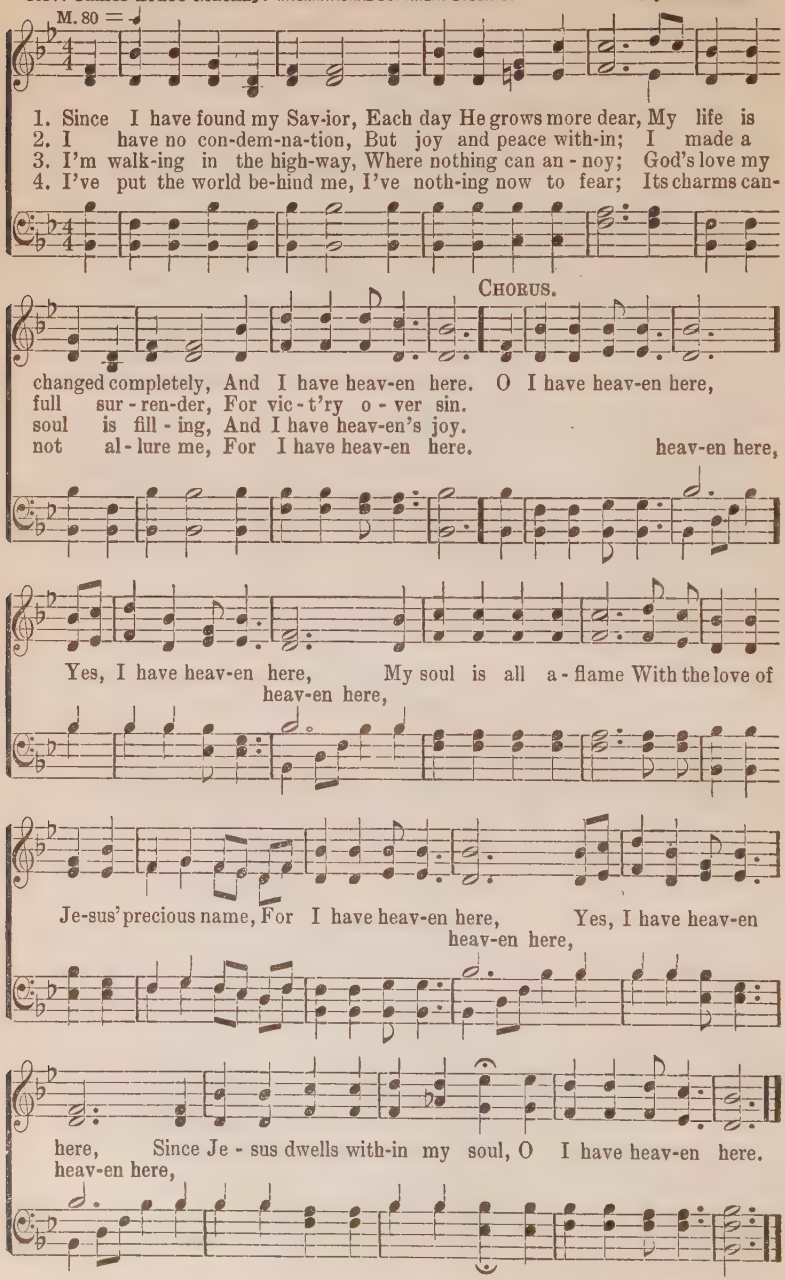
Rev. James Bruce Mackay. Clyde Willard.



Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the man - y du-ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de - bar; Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and Morning Star; E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar; Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

47 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. Arr. from Lowell Mason.

M. 88 = ♩

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D.C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [*Omit* . . . . .]

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The d ing thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

48 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

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P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

M. 84 = ♩

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ra-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

A Prayer For Eventide.

Seaborn N. Vines and C. H. G.

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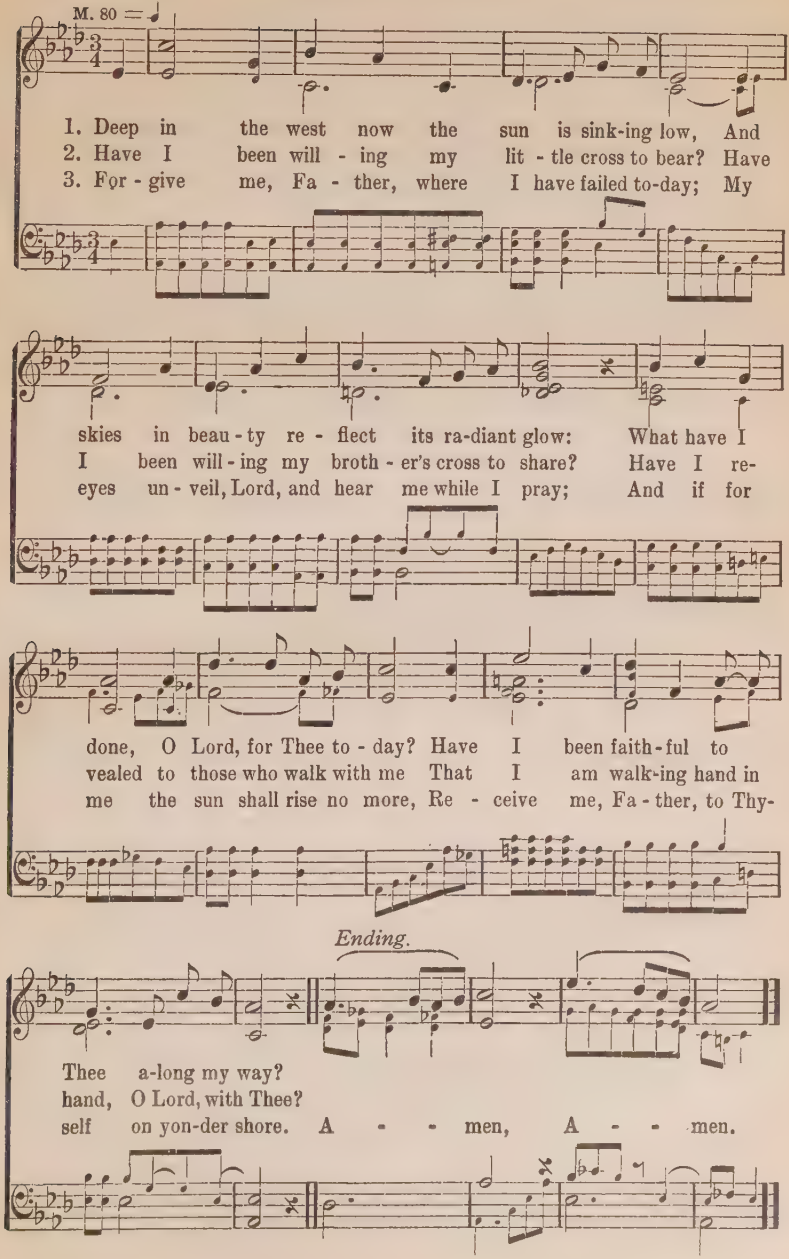
Chas. H. Gabriel.



The Palms.

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Arr. by C. H. G.

M. 88 = ♩

1. O'er all the way green palms and blossoms gay Are strewn this day in festival
2. His word goes forth, and people by its might Once more their freedom gain from
3. Sing and re-joice, O blest Je-ru-sa-lem, Of all thy songs sing the e-

prep-a-ra-tion, Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears a-way; E'en now the
deg-ra-da-tion; Hu-man-i-ty doth give to each his right, While those in
man-ci-pa-tion; Thro' bound-less love, the Christ of Beth-le-hem Brings forth the

RESPONSE.

throng to welcome Him prepare. Join, sing His name di-vine,
dark-ness find re-stored the light.
hope to thee for-ev-er-more. Join all, and sing Ho-san - na!

Let ev-'ry voice resound with u-ni-ted ac-cla-ma-tion, Ho-sa - -
Prais'd be the

na! Prais'd be the Lord, Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal-va - tion.
Lord, Ho-san - na!

51 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane.**

M. 76 = ♩

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; *While on oth-ers*
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound-ed,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

52 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 104 = ♩

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, [*Omit.* . . . . .] Work 'mid springing
D.C. Work for the night is com-ing, [*Omit.* . . . . .] When man's work is

FINE. *D. C.*

flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

53 Walking and Talking With Jesus.

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. I am walk - ing each day with Je - sus, And a won-drous com-
2. I am talk - ing each day with Je - sus, And a bless - ed com-
3. So I walk and I talk with Je - sus, And re - joice as we

pan-ion is He; For with Him be - side me temp - ta - tions Lose
pan-ion is He; The words of His wis - dom and coun - sel Are
jour-ney a - long; I'm kept by the pow'r of His love, and Each

CHORUS.

all of their ter-ror for me.
sweet-er than mu-sic to me. Walk-ing with Him, talking with Him,
day is a jour-ney of song.

Bright-er the way grows from day to day; Close to His side, my

Shep-herd, my Guide, I'm walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus.

As a Volunteer.

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W. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 160 = ♩

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Sol-diers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic - t'ry won, When the true and faithful

Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev -'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev - er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

D. S.—*Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Will you be en - list-ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol - un-teer for Je - sus,

Will you be en - list-ed As a vol - un - teer?

D.S.

A sol - dier true! Oth-ers have en - list - ed, Why not you?
Oh, why not?

The Anchor Of My Soul.

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T. O. Chisholm. B. D. Ackley.

M. 80 = ♩

1. Out a - mong the bound-ing bil - lows of life's o - cean, Dan - gers
2. While the storm of un - be - lief so mad - ly ra - ges, When the
3. And, tho' dark'ning clouds of trou-ble roll a - bove me, And the

ev - 'ry-where a- round me I can see, Yet I fear no harm a-
break-ers of temp-ta - tion o'er me roll, I am an-chored to the
cheer-ing light of day their shad-ows dim, Nei-ther pres - ent ills nor

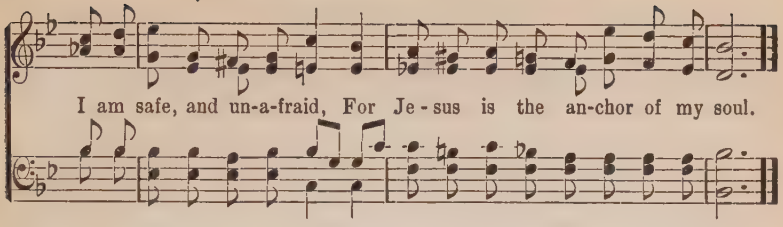
mid their wild com-mo-tion, For the Lord of wind and wave is hold-ing me.
bless-ed Rock of A - ges, And in per - fect peace He keeps my trusting soul.
those to come shall move me, For I'm anchored, safely anchored, now in Him.

CHORUS.

He's the an - chor of my soul When the an - gry bil-lows roll And the

storms of doubt and fear come sweeping by;.... All my trust on Him is stayed,
storms of doubt come sweeping by;

The Anchor Of My Soul.



56 A Shelter in the Time of Storm!

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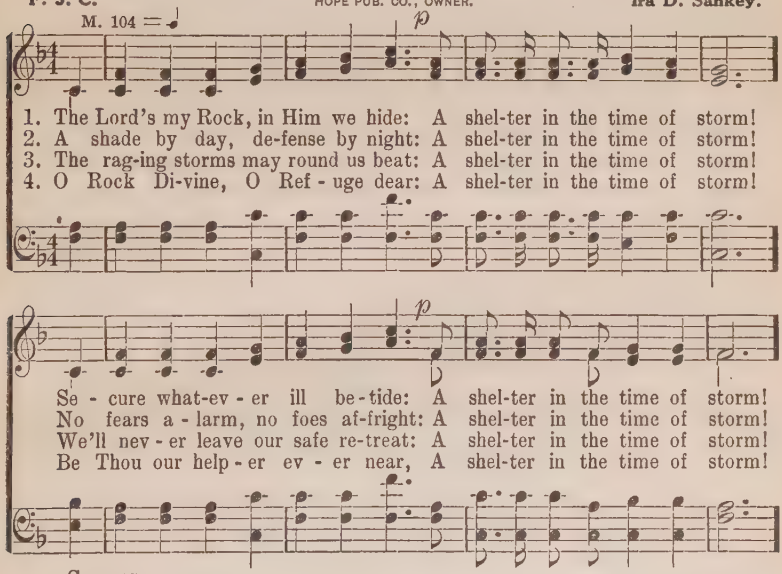
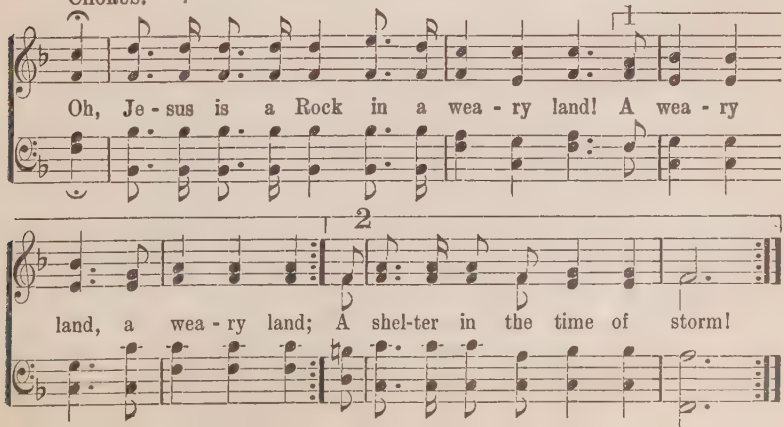
F. J. C. Ira D. Sankey.



CHORUS.



Christ My Soul Will Keep.

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Lizzie De Armond. B. D. Ackley.

M. 48 = ♩.

1. What tho' the bil-lows a - round me roll, ... What tho' the bil - lows a-
2. Troub-les and tri - als may throng my way, ... Troub-les and tri - als may
3. Je - sus has pow - er to to help His own, ... Je - sus has pow - er to

..... Fears that oppressed me no more con-trol, ... Fears that op-
round me roll,
..... Grace that's suf-fi-cient He'll give each day, ... Grace that's suf-
throng my way,
..... Nev - er a mo-ment I walk a - lone, ... Nev - er a
help His own,

D. S.—*Christ the Good*

D. S.—*Safe-ly He'll guide thro' the wa-ters deep,* .....

FINE.

..... What though the path-way I
pressed me no more con-trol,
..... When the dark shad-ows a-
fi - cient He'll give each day,
..... Pass - ing through wa - ters both
mo - ment I walk a - lone,
Shep-herd my soul will keep.

.....*will keep.*

D. S.

tread is steep, Christ the Good Shep-herd my soul will keep.
round me creep, Christ the Good Shep-herd my soul will keep.
wide and deep, Christ the Good Shep-herd my soul will keep.

Wonderful Jesus.

Annie B. Russell. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. Ernest O. Sellers.

M. 50 = ♩.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a wan-d'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro'

CHORUS.

some-where find a song. (a song.)
cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der-ful, won-der - ful Je - sus,
car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)

In the heart He im-plant-eth a song: . . . . . A song of de - liv-'rance, of

He plant-eth a song:

cour - age, of strength, In the heart He im - plant-eth a song. (a song.)

If Jesus Should Come.

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John Paul. Chas. H. Gabriel.

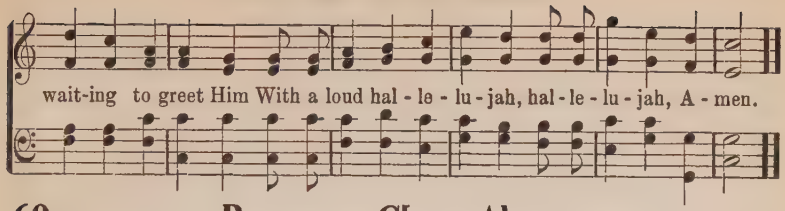
M. 108 = ♩

1. If Je - sus should come in the rise of the morn-ing, When all of the world is en-grossed in its care, How man - y dear hearts, could their Mas - ter dis - cern-ing, Re - lease themselves quick-ly and wel - come Him here?
2. Or if He should come at the bright hour of noon-day, With light far more glo - rious than that of the sun, How man - y have eyes that could gaze on His glo - ry, And hearts that could shout, "E-ven so, let Him come"?
3. If, just as the sun should pass in - to his hid - ing, A ra-diance like light - ning should shine from the east, And down with the light Je - sus Christ should come gliding, Oh, who would be read - y to wel - come our Guest!
4. If, deep in the night, when the third watch is start - ing, A cry should go forth that the Bride - groom is here; If up - ward in rap - ture the Bride were de - part - ing, Could you with that host meet the Lord in the air?

CHORUS.

He will come! He will come, Tho' we know not how soon: It may be at night, Or it may be at noon! Are we read - y to meet Him? Are we

If Jesus Should Come.



60 Rejoice in Christ Alway.

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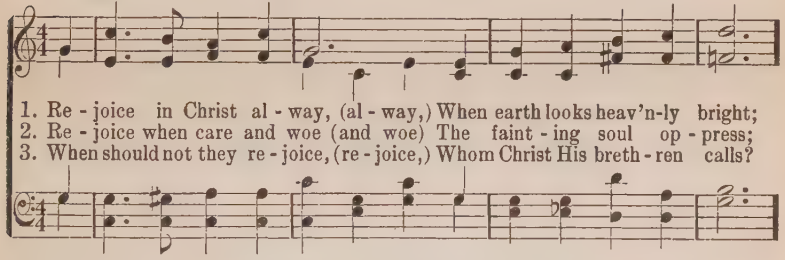
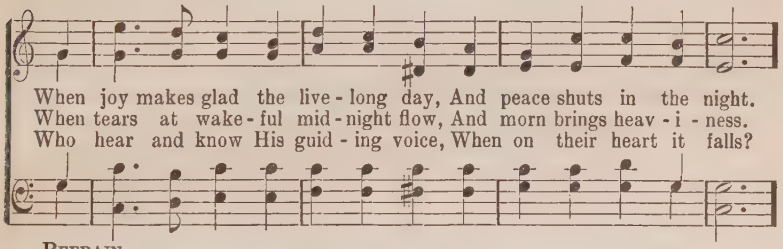
John Moultrie. **E. O. Sellers.**

M. 60 = ♩





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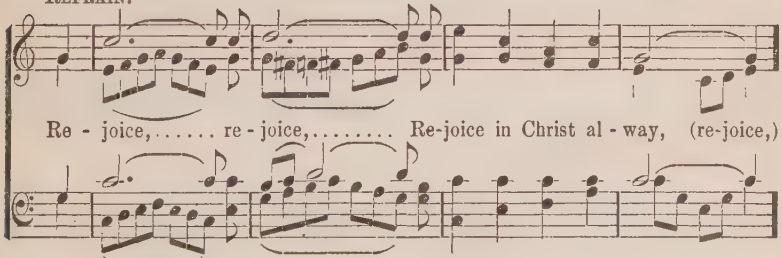

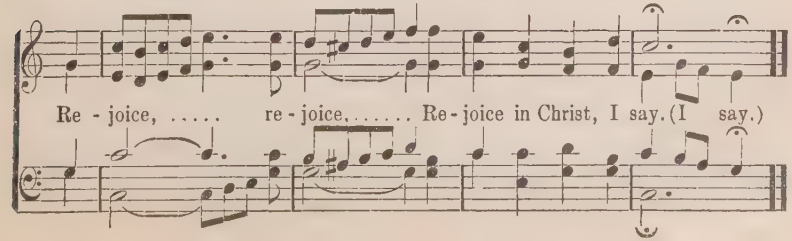

61 The Hands of the Savior.

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W. C. Poole. B. D. Ackley.

M 63 = ♩.

1. I vi - sion the hands of the Sav - ior, By them were the mul - ti - tudes fed; I see them outstretched to the chil - dren, In bless - ing they laid on each head.
2. In pit - y they lift - ed the fall - en, By them were the suf - fer - ing healed; They served at the tasks that were hum - ble, The sweet-ness of la - bor re - vealed.
3. They lead now the way to that Cit - y, "Whose Build-er and Mak - er is God;" They'll nev - er un - clasp till we en - ter, Thro' highways His foot-steps have trod.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful hands, hands of the Sav - ior, Nailed for thy sake to the tree;..... Hands that were used in serv - ice for oth - ers, Hands that will ev - er lead thee.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. William G. Fischer.

M. 84 = ♩

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold - en fan-cies Of all my gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Glorious City.

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K. G. B. Kem G. Bottorf.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Do you ev - er stop to pon - der On the joys we soon shall see?
2. Can you not foresee its glo - ry— Beau-teous cit - y in the sky?
3. O how glad will be the greet-ing When we reach that home so fair!

Of the home in heav-en yon - der— Stand-ing by the crys-tal sea?
You have oft-en heard the sto - ry— How its pleasures nev-er die.
O how sweet will be the meet - ing With our loved ones o-ver there!

CHORUS.

Glo-rious cit-y..... o - ver there, Where the sun is
Shin-ing cit - y o - ver there,

ev - er shining bright and fair; To that cit - y,....
so bright and fair; shin-ing cit - y,

glo-rious cit - y,.... I am go-ing, and I want to meet you there.
o - ver there,

The Old Rugged Cross.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

G. B. SOLO AND CHORUS. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of suf - f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a wondrous at- trac - tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re- proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged cross, the
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

old rug - ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

65 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

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A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 160 = ♩

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me, and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er — all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

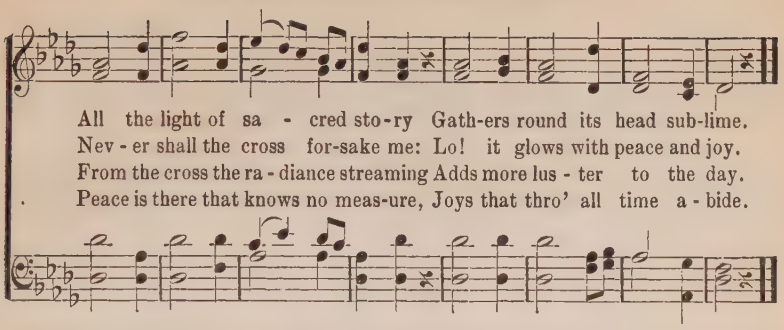
66 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

M. 100 = ♩

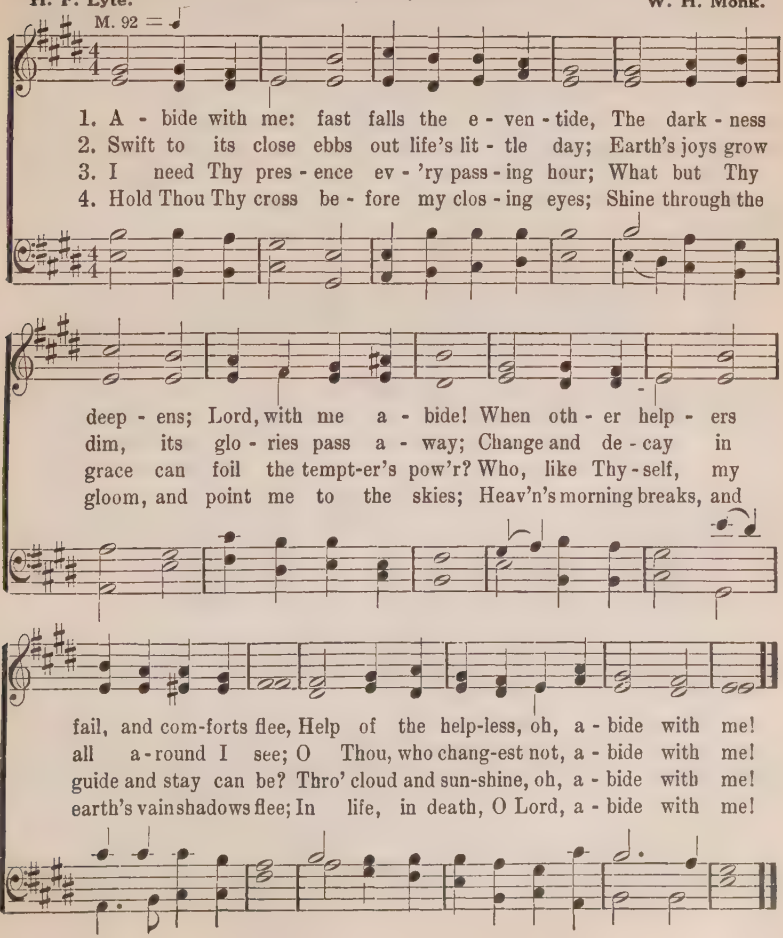
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.



67 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



Mother and the Book of God.

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E. C. Baird. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩

1. From the by - gone days of child-hood Comes a pic - ture quaint and rare—
2. As she soft - ly turned its pag - es How her gen - tle face would glow!
3. When I hear the world's voice calling, When my feet would go a - stray,

One of beau - ty, and so ver - y dear to me;.....
And her heart from all the cares of life seemed free,.....
All the dark de - ceit - ful things are made to flee .....

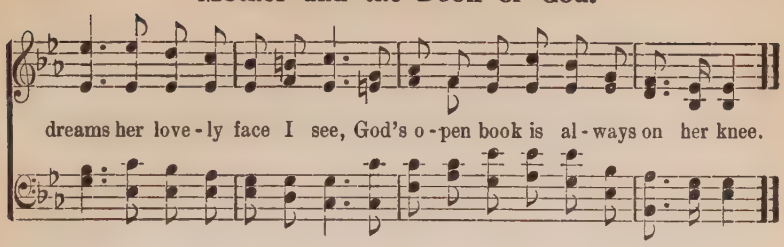
'Tis a pic - ture of my moth-er Sit - ting in her old arm-chair,
As she read each pre-cious prom-ise, Full of bless - ed - ness to know,
When I think of my dear moth-er As she sat to read and pray,

With the o - pen Bi - ble rest - ing on her knee..... .....
From the o - pen Bi - ble rest - ing on her knee.....
With the o - pen Bi - ble rest - ing on her knee.....

CHORUS.

Moth - er and the Book of God! 'Twas to her both staff and rod, And when in

Mother and the Book of God.



69 Calvary.

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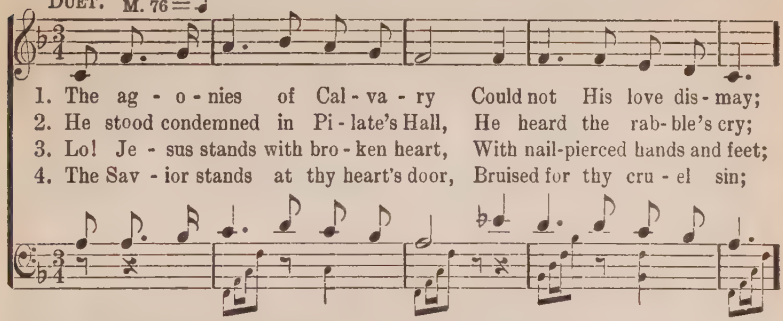
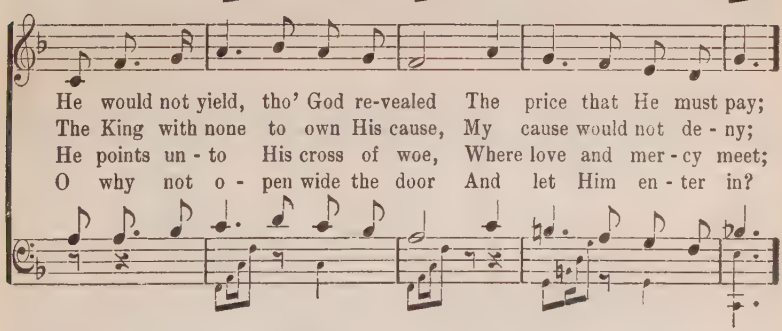
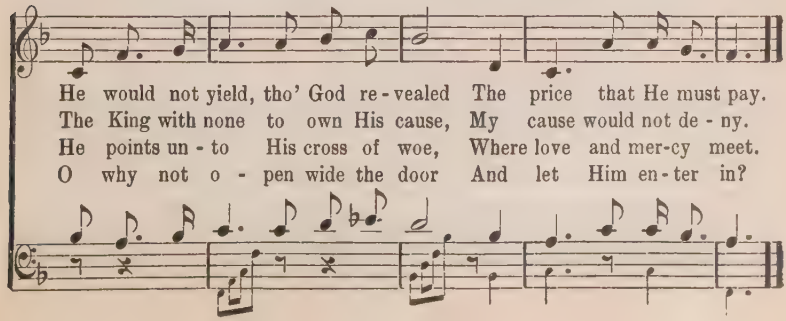
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

DUET. M. 76 = ♩







Help Somebody To-day.

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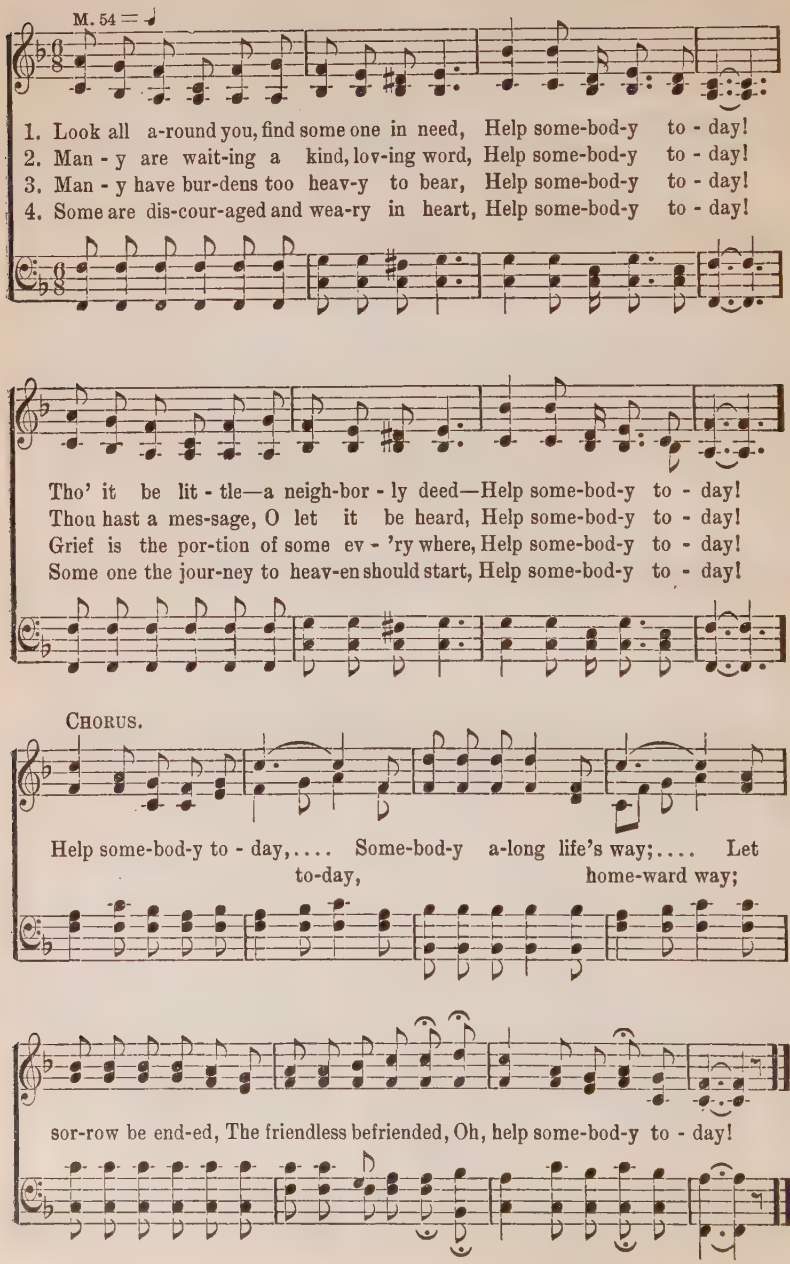

71 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. L. E. Jones.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

72 Majestic Sweetness.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

M. 44 = 𝅗𝅥.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er flow, His lips with grace o'er flow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

73 What Purpose Burns.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥

1. What pur-pose burns within our hearts That we to - geth-er here should stand,
2. We see in vi - sion fair a time When e - vil shall have passed a-way;
3. To see the truth what-e'er it be, To fol - low it wher-e'er it leads,
4. For this we gath - er here to - day; To such a church of God we bring

Pledg-ing each oth - er mutual vows, And read-y hand to join in hand?
And thus we ded - i - cate our lives To has-ten on that bless-ed day!
To turn to facts our dreams of good, And coin our lives in lov - ing deeds.
Our ut-most love and loy - al - ty, And make our souls an of - fer - ing.

What Will It Be?

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Fred. P. Morris. Robert Harkness.

M. 56 = ♩

1. There are glo-ries un-told in that cit-y of gold, On the brink of the beau-ti-ful riv-er; Its won-der-ful light will burst on my sight, But
2. There are some who have died that His name should abide, There are some who have lived for His glo-ry; What bliss will it be their fa-ces to see! But
3. When in won-der I stand with my hand in His hand, In that home with the ransomed for-ev-er, The sor-row all passed, tri-um-phant at last, Oh,
4. When the love-light doth shine from His eyes in-to mine, While the face that was marred is up-lift-ed, With rap-ture complete His smile I shall meet, Oh,

CHORUS.

what will it be to see Je-sus? What will it be to see Je-sus, What will it be to see Him? There are glo-ries un-told in that cit-y of gold, But what will it be to see Je-sus?

75 Tell What the Lord Hath Done.

Psalms 30 and 66.

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J. B. Herbert.

M. 126 = ♩

1. Ye that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell What He did for my soul;
2. O let the Lord, our gra-cious God, For - ev - er bless - ed be;
3. I cried to Thee, O Lord, my God, Thou didst me heal and save;

Attacca.

I cried to Him, He heard my prayer, And I will Him ex - tol.
Who hath not turned my prayer from Him, Nor yet His grace from me.
From death Thou didst de - liv - er me, And ran - som from the grave.

CHORUS.

O I will tell, tell, tell what the Lord hath done for me; Yes, I will tell, tell,

tell how the Lord hath set me free; O I will tell, tell, tell what the

Lord hath done for me; Yes, I will tell, tell, tell how the Lord hath set me free.

Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

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R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = ♩

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a h pe that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came

in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,

CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart. Since Je-sus came in-to my
Since Je-sus came in, came

heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

Mr. Homer Rodeheaver sings above song on RAINBOW RECORD—1040

Just a Whispered Prayer.

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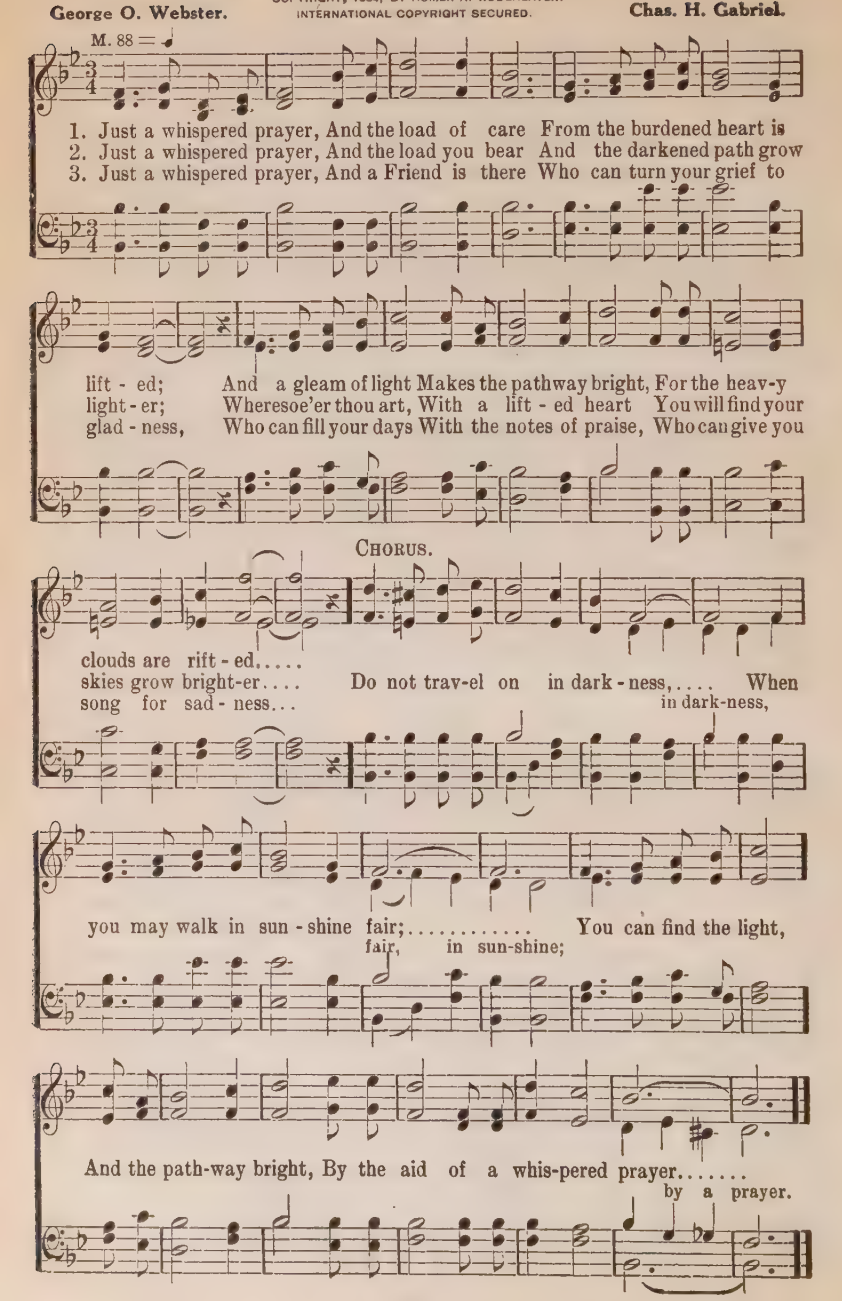
George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Somebody Cares.

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Fannie Edna Stafford. **Homer A. Rodeheaver.**

M. 50 = ♩.

1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-bod-y cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;

Some-bod - y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a-way with a song;
Some-bod - y cares when your weak - est, And far-thest a - way from Him;
Al - ways is wait-ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng

Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Tired, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need - ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;

Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus; He loves ev - 'ry-one, He loves you.

Count Your Blessings.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — WORDS AND MUSIC. — E. O. Excell.

M. 96 = ♩

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man - y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man - y bless-ings, mon - ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless-ings, an - gels

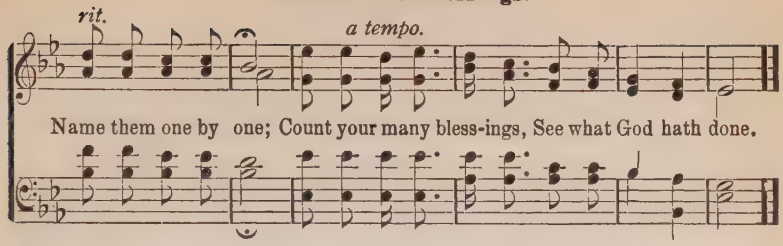
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man - y

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,

Count Your Blessings.



80 Somebody Needs Us.

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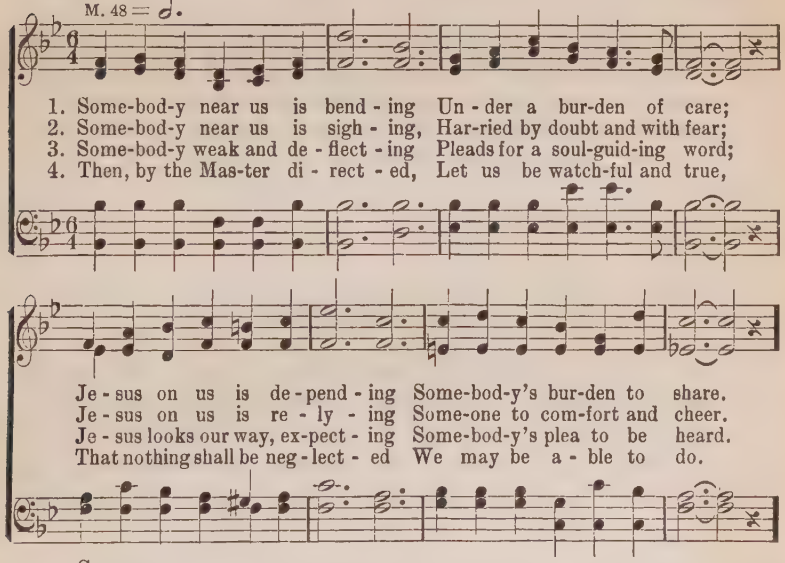
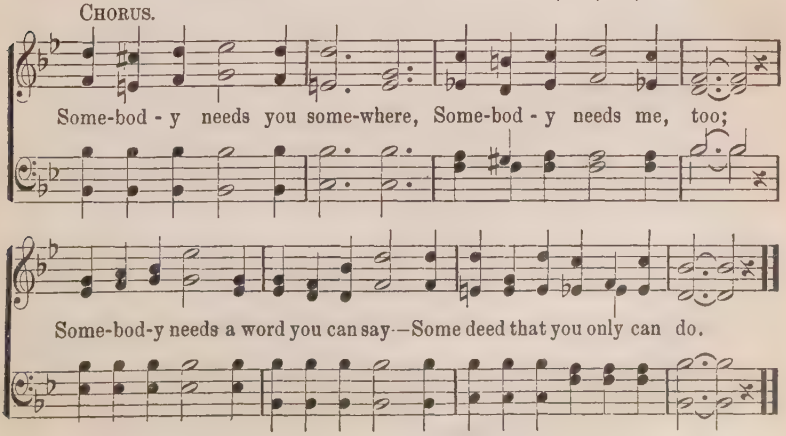
James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.





The Hills Above.

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R. M. Robert Matthews.

M. 126 = ♩

1. There are sun-lit hills a-bove me, And the hand of God is there, Where the valley
2. With the light of faith to guide me, And with hope at hand to cheer, I will struggle
3. When the shadows gather round me, And my sight is grow-ing dim, I will lift my

shadows never reach And the sky is al-ways fair; Tho' my cares press heavy on me,
up the rugged steep, Never fal-ter, nev-er fear; I will leave the dismal val-ley,
eyes to heav'n above—For my help must come from Him. He will guide me thro' the valley,

And my heart is sore distressed, In the love of Christ my Savior I find perfect rest.
And a-bove the mists of sin, In the glo-ry of the sunlit hills New life be-gin.
Where the path of life may wend, Till I reach the gates of glory And my journey's end.

CHORUS.

I will leave the misty val-ley for the sunlit hills a-bove, Yes, I'll leave the misty

val-ley for the hills a-bove; God has led me from the shad-ow to the sun-light

The Hills Above.

of His love, So I'll leave the mist-y val-ley for the hills a - bove.
of His pre-cious love,

82 Rescue the Perishing.

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Fanny J. Crosby. William H. Doane.

M. 80 = ♩

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa-tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

83 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. Beethoven.

M. 104 = ♩

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas-ter, from the mountain-side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol-low where Thy feet have trod:

A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
A-mong these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain,
Till glo-rious from Thy heav'n a-bove Shall come the cit - y of our God.

84 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

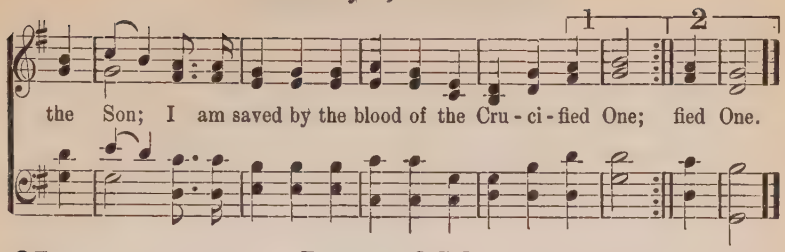
M. 126 = ♩

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va-tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone - ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng; They are safe now in
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.

Je - sus His Son will be - lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me through.
glo - ry, and this is their song: Hal-le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on
song of sal - va - tion they sing.
prais-es for - ev - er will be:

Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!



85 Beautiful Isle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.

M. 56. = ♩.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Somewhere the guer-don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,

Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

The Home Over There.

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Harriet E. Jones. B. D. Ackley.

M. 60 = ♩

1. What re-joic-ing there will be When be-yond the si - lent sea We shall
2. What re-joic-ing there will be When the friends of earth we see, Gathered
3. What re-joic-ing there will be Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty When the

gath - er with our loved ones o - ver there; How the courts of God will ring
near the throne e - ter - nal o - ver there; Clothed in robes of right-eous-ness,
na - tions shall be gathered o - ver there; Giv - ing Je - sus all the praise

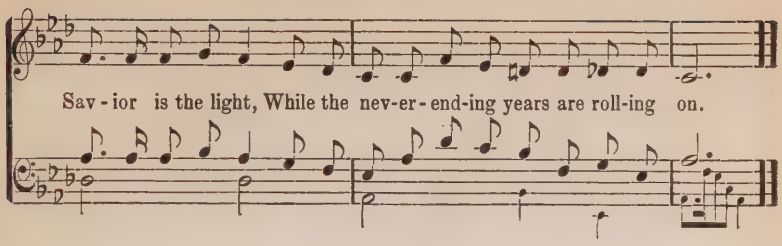
As we loud ho-san-nas sing To the bless-ed Lord who gave us entrance there.
Whom the Savior shall confess In the presence of the Fa-ther o - ver there.
For His wondrous works and ways And the mansions waiting for us o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, In that home be - yond the

riv - er, bright and fair; Where is nev - er known a night, Where the

The Home Over There.



87 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal. C. H. A. Malan.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti-
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways,
I with - hold; Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them
lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall

im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
flow in cease - less praise, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Malley Gluff. Ira D. Sankey.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa-ther; to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
3. I have a robe; 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in glo-
4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won-der-ing view: Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
ior is your Sav-ior, too; Then pray that your Sav-ior will bring them to

f CHORUS.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior, too.
heav-en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! **For you I am**
bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one, too!
glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered–'t was answered for you!

p *f* *pp rall.*

pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

I Walk With the King.

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James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

M. 80 = ♩.

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de - spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let

hap - py—se - cure - ly I rest; From morn - ing till eve - ning glad
help me—no com - fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to

car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son—I walk with the King.
sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal - le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!

No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

90 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. Ad. by J. G. Walton.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's faith, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:

REFRAIN.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

91 Higher Ground

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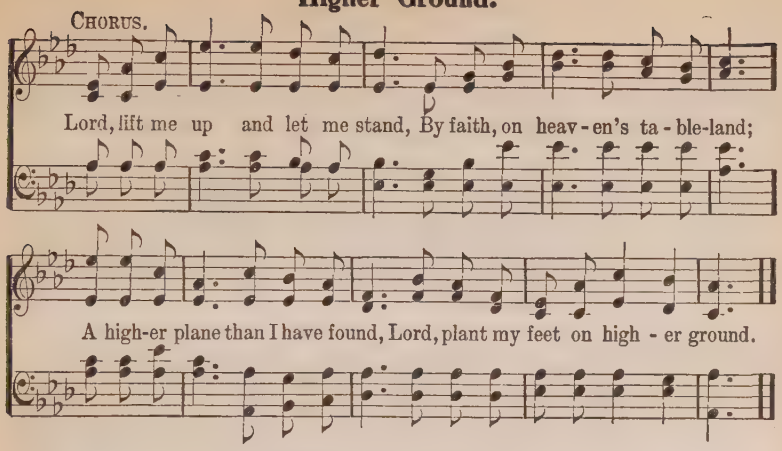
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 72 = ♩

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

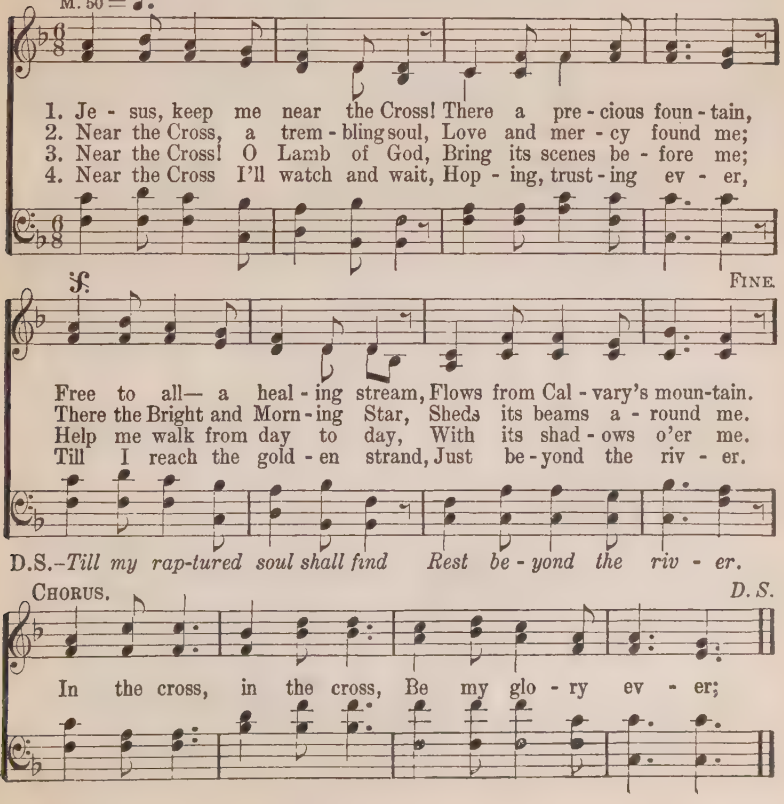
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

Higher Ground.



92 Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane.**



God's Great Army.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

M. 100 = ♩

CHO. 1. March a - long to - geth - er, firm and true, For lo, the world is
2. On we go with ar - mor shin - ing bright, With sword in hand to
3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the

ev - er watch-ing you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle-
bat - tle for the right; U - nit - ed in the serv - ice of the
shouts of vic - t'ry ring From North, from South, from East, and from the

FINE. UNISON. SOLO.

field, De - ter-mined that the foe shall yield. Loud and long the
Lord, We're marching at our Cap-tain's word. Val - iant sol - diers
West, And Christ is ev - 'ry-where con-fessed. Storm the forts of

bu - gle call is sound-ing! Sin and wrong are ev-'ry-where a-bound-ing;
of the Lord are lead-ing, Ear - nest - ly for help the church is plead-ing,
sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, re - new your ob - li - ga - tion,

D. C. CHORUS.

"For - ward" all a - long the lines re-sound-ing, Bids us march a - way.
Slow - ly back-ward see the foe re - ced - ing; Forward march to-day.
And with ear - nest prayer and sup-pli - ca - tion Forward march a-way.

94 Blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge.

Herbert Booth. W. Owen.

M. 52 = ♩

1. Bless-ed Lord, in Thee is ref - uge, Safe-ty for my trem-bling soul,
2. In the past, too, un - be - liev - ing, 'Midst the tem-pest I have been,
3. Oh, for trust, that brings the tri-umph When de-feat seems strangely near;
4. Faith tri-um-phant—bless-ed vic - t'ry! Ev - 'ry bar - rier swept a - way!

Pow'r to lift my head when droop-ing 'Midst the an - gry bil-lows' roll.
And my heart has slow - ly trust - ed What my eyes have nev - er seen.
Oh, for faith, that chang-es fight - ing In - to vic - t'ry's ring - ing cheer!
Heav'n de-scend-ing, joy at - tend - ing, Dawn of ev - er - last - ing day!

I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus,
Faith tri-um - phant, Faith tri-um - phant, Faith tri-um - phant,
Je - sus on - ly— Je - sus on - ly— Je - sus on - ly—
1. I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee;

All my life Thou shalt con - trol, All my life Thou shalt con-trol.
Teach me on Thy arm to lean, Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
Know-ing not de - feat nor fear, Know-ing not de - feat nor fear.
Him to love and Him o - bey, Him to love and Him o - bey.

95 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime, nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss. Where the soul is at home with God. Where He waits at the o - pen door. The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

leads home, leads home;

I Shall See the King.

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Rev. W. C. Poole. B. D. Ackley.

M. 92 = ♩

1. I shall see the King Where the an - gels sing, I shall see the King some day, In the bet - ter land, On the gold - en strand,
2. In the land of song, In the glo - ry-throng, Where there nev - er comes a night, With my Lord once slain I shall ev - er reign
3. I shall see the King, All my trib - utes bring, And shall look up- on His face; Then my song shall be How He ran-somed me

CHORUS.

And with Him shall ev - er stay.
In the glo - ry land of light. In His glo - ry, I shall see the King, And for - ev - er end - less prais - es sing; 'Twas on
And has kept me by His grace.

Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for me; I shall see the King some day.

I Need Jesus.

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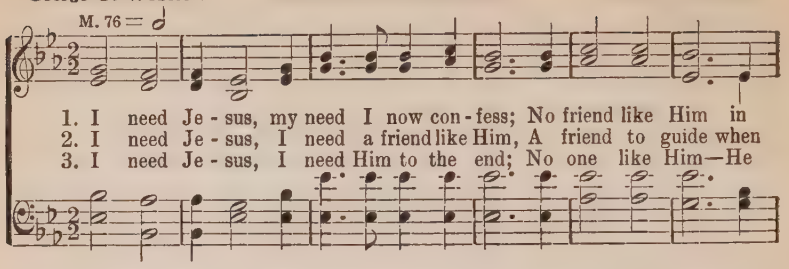
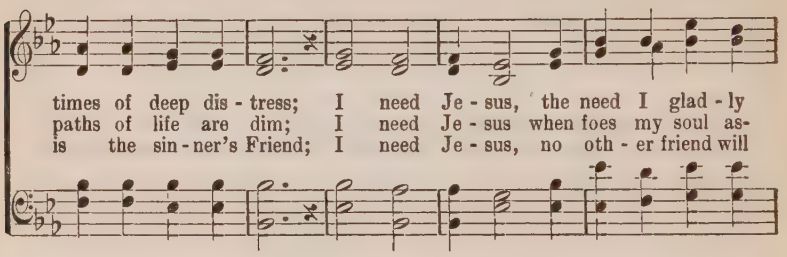
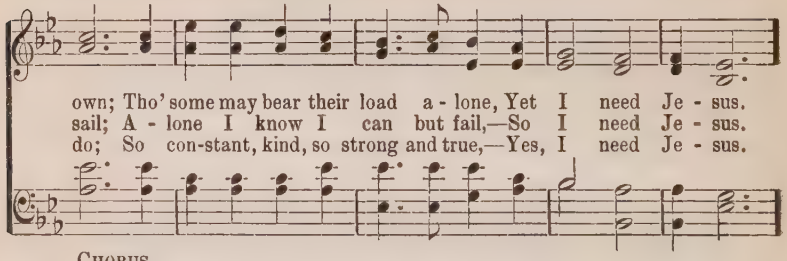
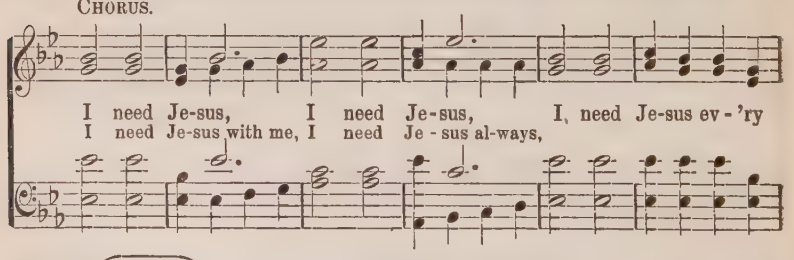
George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

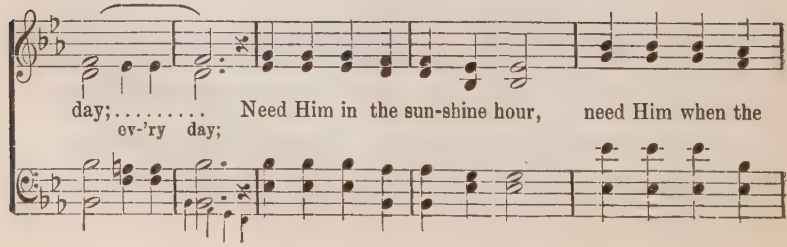




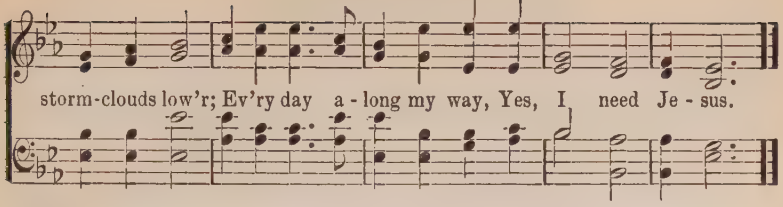


CHORUS.





I Need Jesus.



98 With Him.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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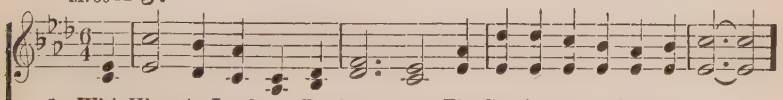
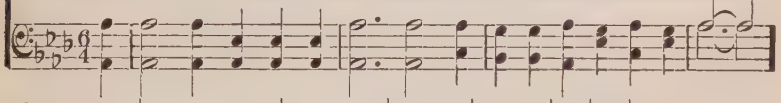
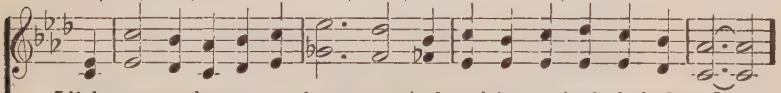
Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 56 = ♩.

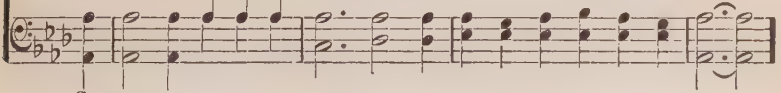


1. With Him-the Lord my Re-deem-er, The Sav-ior so precious to me,
2. With Him, has life wondrous mean-ing; Without Him, 'twere meaningless, quite;
3. With Him, I'm strengthened for all things; Without Him, of nothing I boast;
4. With Him, the fu-ture is ra-diant; Without Him, all hopeless and drear;

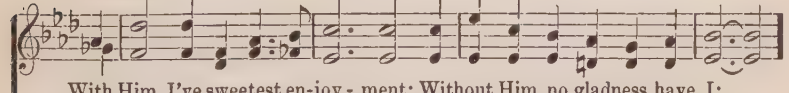




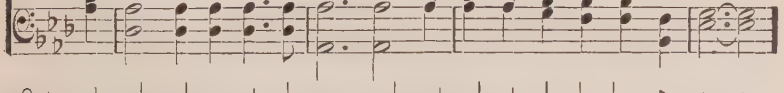
Life's cares are heavy no lon-ger, And straightway the dark shadows flee.
With Him, there's light on my pathway; Without Him, I grope in the night.
With Him, I can-not be van-quished; Without Him, the bat-tle is lost.
With Him! O glo-ri-ous pros-pect, With Je-sus e-ter-nal-ly near!

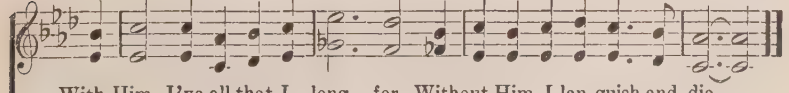


CHORUS.

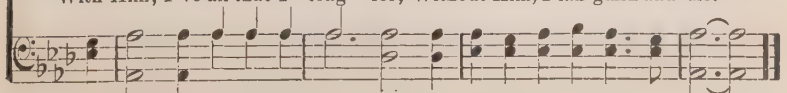


With Him, I've sweetest en-joy-ment; Without Him, no gladness have I;





With Him, I've all that I long for, Without Him, I lan-guish and die.



99 The Heavenly Shepherd.

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A. S. R. Albert Simpson Reitz.

M. 63 = ♩.

1. The heav - en - ly Shep-herd is seek - ing the lost; He's seek-ing, and oh, at such in - fi - nite cost; Tho' deep in your sin you have wan - dered a - stray, He's call - ing for you to - day.
2. The heav - en - ly Shep-herd is seek - ing His sheep; He's seek-ing o'er path-ways so rug - ged and steep; Tho' far from your home and in sin's dark-ened way, He's call - ing for you to - day. Call - ing,
3. The heav - en - ly Shep-herd your ran - som hath paid; Your sins and trans- gres - sions on Je - sus were laid; There's naught but His blood e'er can wash them a - way, He's call - ing for you to - day. Je - sus is here,
4. The heav - en - ly Shep-herd is Je - sus the Lord, He will not for- sake you, O trust in His word; For He is the Life, and the Truth, and the Way, He's call - ing for you to - day.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing for you, Call - - - ing, this Shep-herd so true;
Ten - der - ly call - ing,
Out of your night in-to heav-en - ly light, The Sav-ior is call - ing for you.

Take Up Thy Cross.

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A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Slowly with expression. M. 88 = ♩

1. I walked one day a - long a coun-try road, And there a stranger journeyed, too,
2. I cried, "Lord Jesus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all bruised and torn;
3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And, lo, a cross for me appeared,
4. My cross I'll car-ry till the crown ap-pears, The way I jour-ney soon will end

Bent low be-neath the burden of His load: It was a cross, a cross I knew.
I stooped to kiss a-way the marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
The one for-got-ten, I had cast a - side, The one, so long, that I had feared.
Where God Himself shall wipe away all tears, And friend hold fellowship with friend.

CHORUS.

"Take up thy cross and follow Me," I hear the blessed Sav-ior call;

How can I make a less-er sac - ri - fice, When Je - sus gave His all?

101 The Call to Arms.

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Geo. O. Webster. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

M. 100 = ♩ UNISON.

1. The call "To Arms" is ring-ing A-broad thro' all the land; In strength of youth we're bringing, For God and right we stand; His lift-ed ban-ner, o'er us, Shall float from sea to sea; Our Cap-tain goes be-fore us—We
2. With ar-mor on and read-y We stand, the ranks of youth, With pur-pose firm and stead-y, To fight for God and truth; We pledge our serv-ice loy-al, The strength of youth we bring, Be-neath His ban-ner roy-al, Our
3. The ranks of age are fall-ing, But youth is clos-ing in; The odds may be ap-pall-ing, But we shall vic-t'ry win; Our ranks can-not be bro-ken, Our Cap-tain can-not fail, We have a sign and to-ken That

CHORUS.

march to vic-to-ry.
hearts now crown Him King. Wher-e'er it be He needs us, Or what-e'er He bids us do, We fol-low where He leads us, With loy-al heart and true.
Je-sus shall pre-vail.

102 Can the World See Jesus in You?

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Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

M. 92 = ♩

1. Do we live so close to the Lord to-day, Pass-ing to and fro on life's
2. Do we love, with love to His own a-kin, All His crea-tures lost in the
3. As an o-pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts giv-ing

bus-y way, That the world in us can a like-ness see To the
mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what-so-e'er it cost, To re-
dai-ly heed; Will they be at-tract-ed, or turn a-way From the

CHORUS.

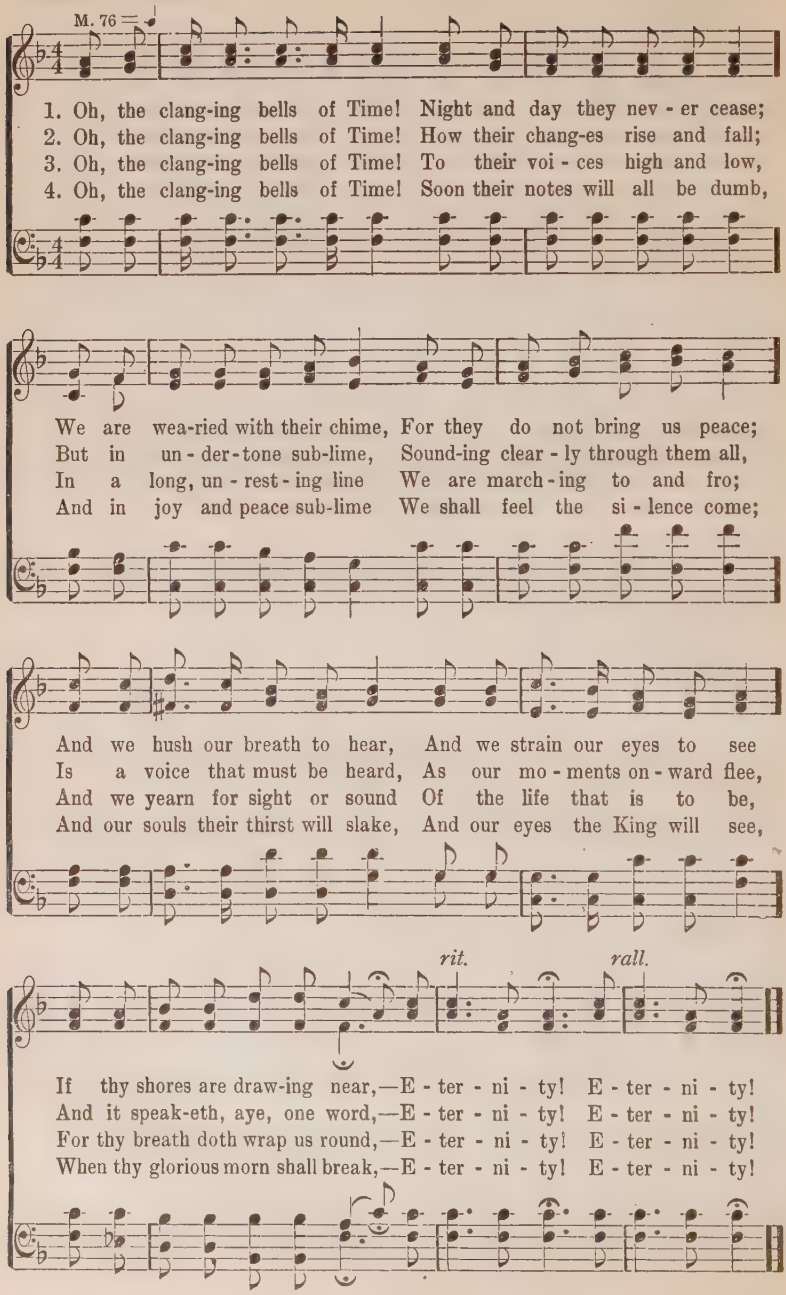
Man of Cal-va-ry?
claim a sin-ner lost? Can the world see Je-sus in me? Can the
Christ we love to-day?
Man of Cal-va-ry? Can the world see Je-sus in me?

world see Je-sus in you? Does your love to Him ring
Can the world see Je-sus in you?

true, and your life and service, too? Can the world see Je-sus in you?
me—in you?

103 Eternity.

Ellen M. H. Gates. P. P. Bliss.



104 In My Heart There Rings a Melody.

E. M. R.

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Elton M. Roth.

M. 63 = ♩

1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from
2. I love the Christ that died on Cal - v'ry, For He washed my
3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels

heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet-er mel - o - dy, 'Tis a
sins a - way; He put with-in my heart a mel - o - dy, And I
I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo-rious har - mo - ny, When the

CHORUS.

mel - o - dy of love.
known it's there to stay. In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy, There
courts of heav - en ring.

rings a mel - o - dy with heav-en's har - mo - ny; In my heart there

rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

105 No Disappointment in Heaven.

F. M. L.

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F. M. Lehman.
Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heaven, No wear-i-ness, sor-row or pain;
2. We'll nev-er pay rent for our mansion, The tax-es will nev-er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu-ner-al train in the sky;

No hearts that are bleeding and bro-ken, No song with a mi-nor re-frain;
Our garments will nev-er grow threadbare, But al-ways be fade-less and new;
No graves on the hill-sides of glo-ry, For there we shall nev-er-more die;

The clouds of our earth-ly ho-ri-zon Will nev-er ap-pear in the sky,
We'll nev-er be hun-gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan-guish in pov-er-ty there,
The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a mo-ment of time;

For all will be sun-shine and gladness, With nev-er a sob nor a sigh.
For all the rich bounties of heav-en His sanc-ti-fied chil-dren will share.
Im-mor-tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.

CHORUS.

I'm bound for that beau-ti-ful cit-y My Lord has prepared for His own;

No Disappointment in Heaven.

Where all the redeemed of all a - ges Sing "glo - ry" a-round the white throne;

Some-times I grow homesick for heaven, And the glo-ries I there shall be-hold:

rit.

What a joy that will be when my Savior I see, In that beautiful cit-y of gold!

106 The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev-er, A - - men.

107 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. Thomas Hastings.

M. 76 = ♩

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je- sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;
5. Oh, let my hand for- get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com- mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for - get Thy mer - cy - seat!

108 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

M. 66. = ♩

1. I hear the Sav-ior say: "Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je-sus

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save!" My lips shall still re - peat.

Jesus Paid It All.

all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

109 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

M. 88 = ♩

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee: Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

110 My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. RENEWAL. Charlie D. Tillman.

M. 84 = ♩

1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the

calls those hap-py days of long a-go, When I stood at mother's knee,
Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials, Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last, Of Sa-tan and his man-y wick-ed wiles.
Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words abide.

D. S.–*As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home above.*

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Book,..... pre-cious Book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed Book, precious Book,

leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look;

D. S.

111 Get Close to Jesus.

A. L. W.

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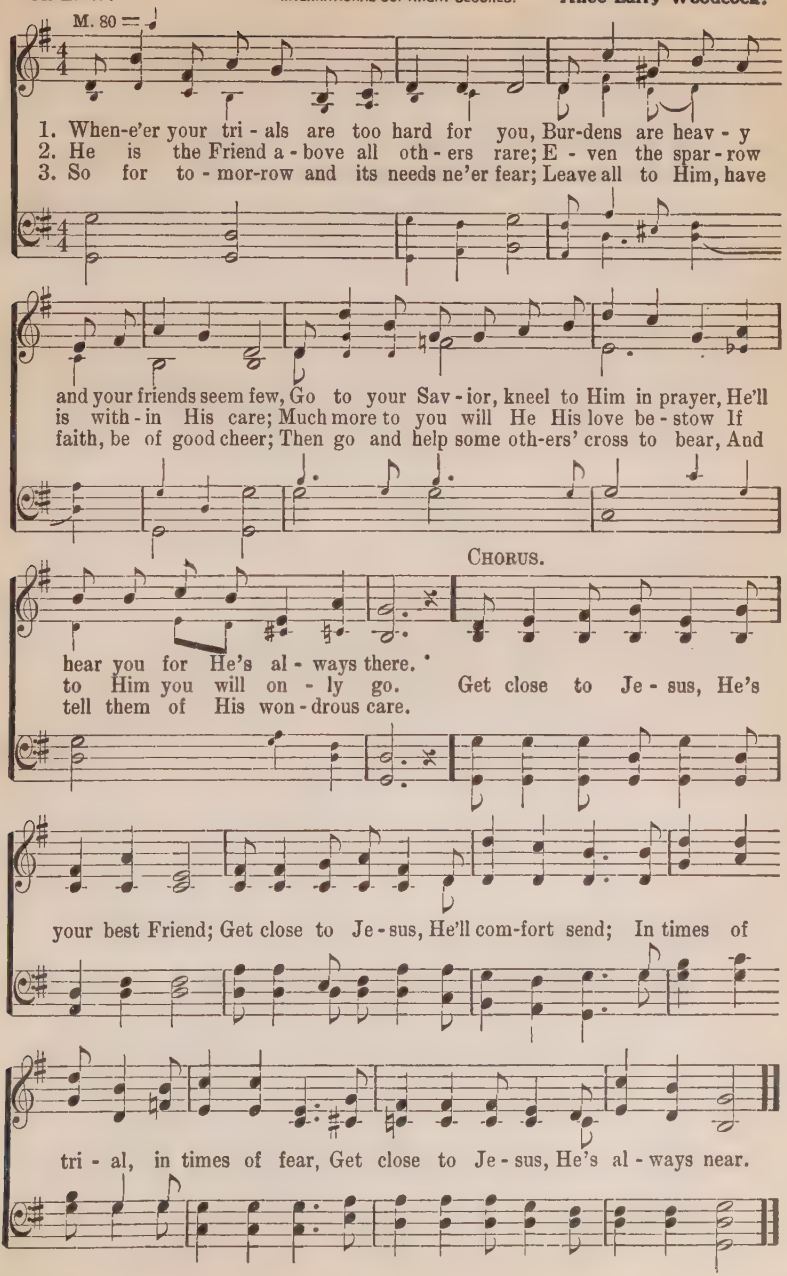
Alice Larry Woodcock.



More Like Him.

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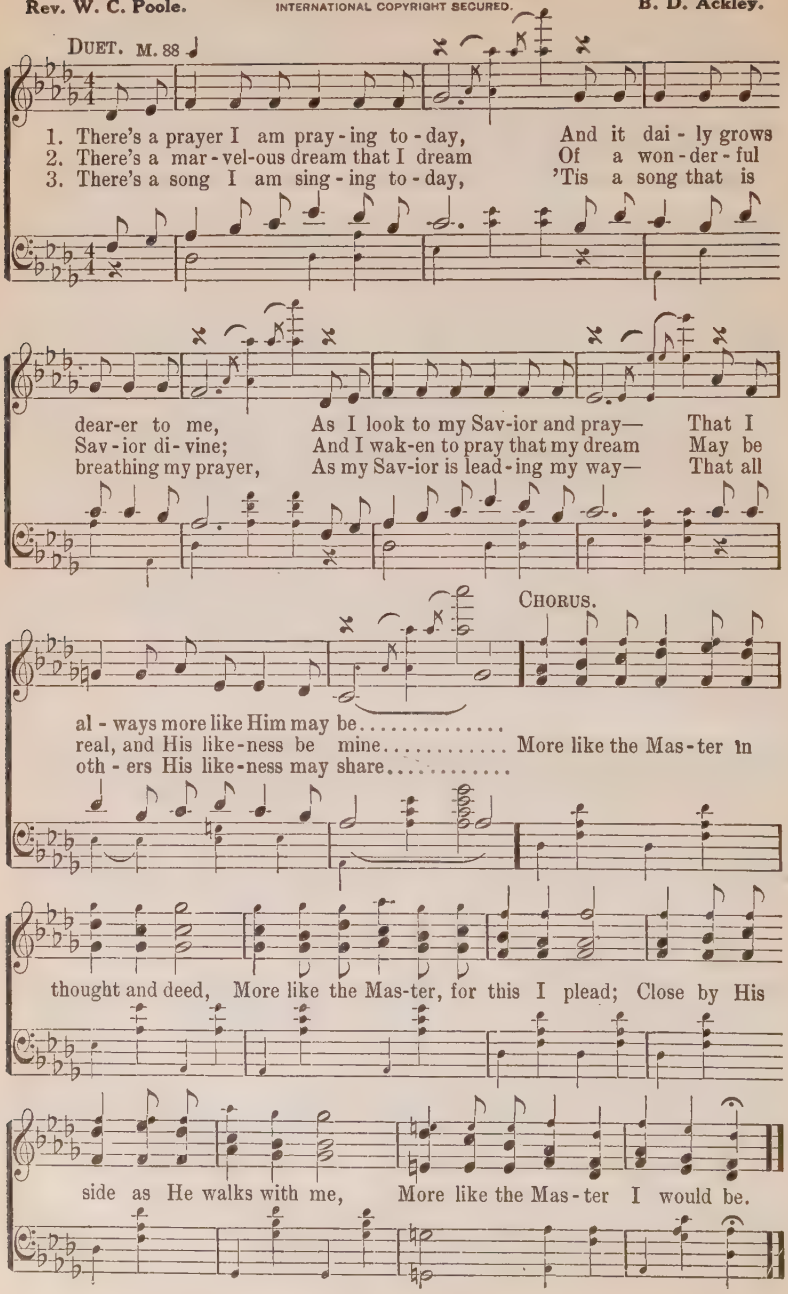

113 Yield Not to Temptation.

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H. R. P. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

M. 66 = ♩.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ion, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Can I Forget?

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George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. Can I for - get the debt I owe, My bless - ed Lord, to
2. Can I for - get the ten - der love That sought so long to
3. Can I for - get the Gar - den-gloom? The ag - o - niz - ing

Thee? Can I for - get the crim-son flow From cross-crowned Calvary?
win My wayward heart, when I would rove A - far in ways of sin?
prayer? Can I for - get the seal-ed tomb? Or, love that led Thee there?

(1.) Thee?.....

Thy bleed - ing side? The crim - son tide, The foun - tain for my sin?
In love and grace My paths to trace, For - ev - er at my side,
The cru - el cross? The grief and loss? That it was all for me?

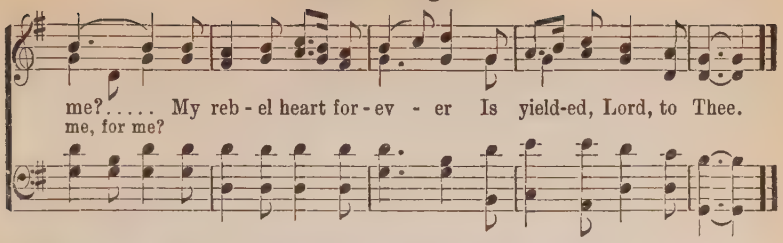
(1.) tide.....

The love di - vine, O Sav - ior mine, My reb - el - heart to win?
So pa - tient - ly To plead with me—And would not be de - nied?
O Sav - ior mine, My heart is Thine; I yield to Love and Thee.

CHORUS.

Can I..... for - get..... His love..... for
Can I for - get? Oh, nev - er, nev - er, His love that died for

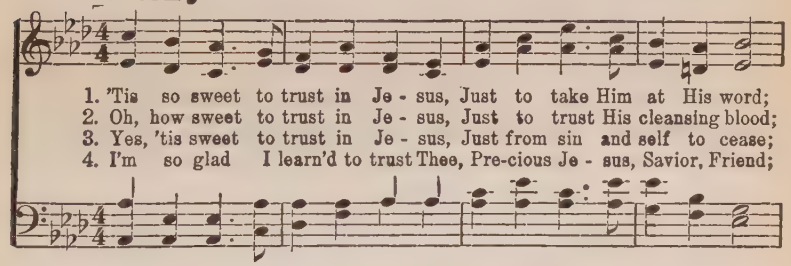
Can I Forget?

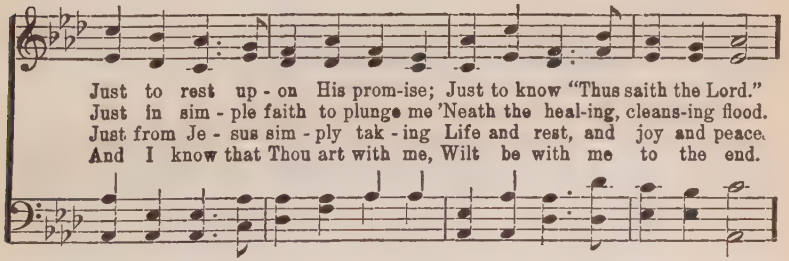


115 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

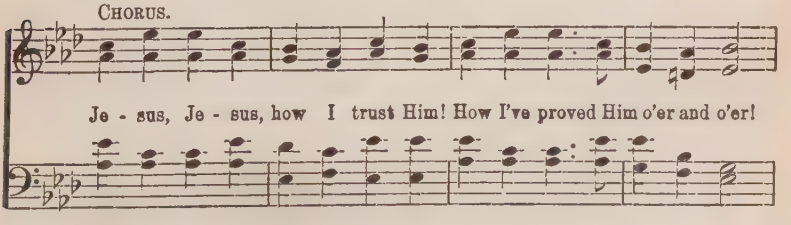
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

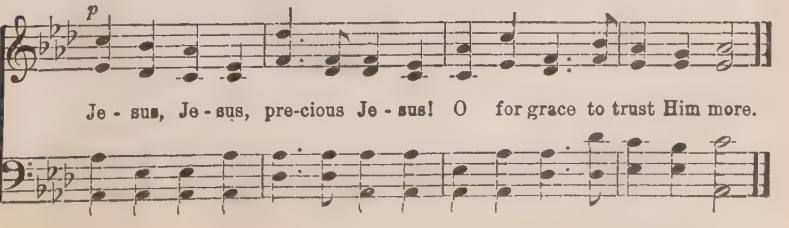
M. 92 = ♩





CHORUS.





Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

M. 108 = ♩

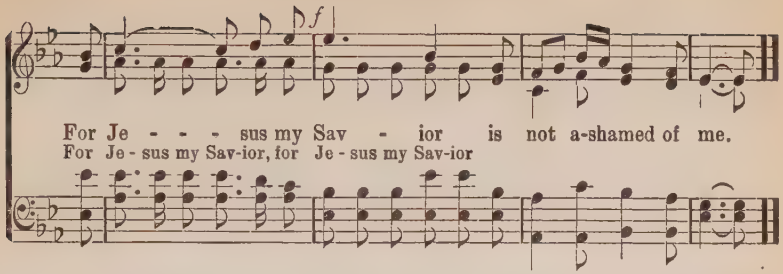
1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS. M. 60 = ♩.

A - shamed.... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;.....
A-shamed of Jesus, ashamed of Je-sus, I nev-er will be;

*Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Soprano and Alto the lower.

Ashamed of Jesus.



117 O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

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Theodore Monad. **J. B. Herbert.**

M. 80 = ♩

1. O the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be
2. Yet He found me, I be - held Him Bleed-ing on th' ac-curs - ed tree,
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free,
4. High-er than the high-est heav-ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

When I let the Sav-ior's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud-ly an-swered,
Heard Him say, "Forgive them, Father," And my wist-ful heart said faint - ly,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa - tient, Bro't me low - er while I whis-pered,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, Grant me now my soul's de - sire,—

rit.

"All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee."
"Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee."
"Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more of Thee."
"None of self, and all of Thee, None of self, and all of Thee."

118 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Rev. F. W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjée.

M. 80 = ♩

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

119 Revive Us Again.

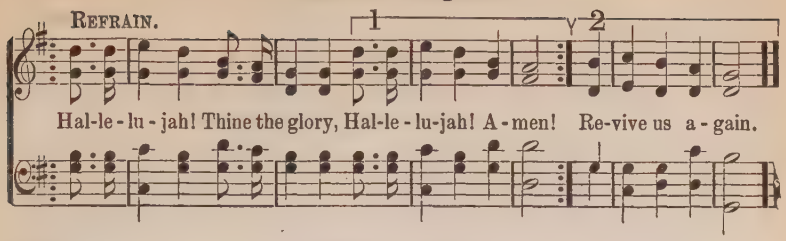
Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

M. 116 = ♩

1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy Spir-it of light,
3. All glo-ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain;
4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je-sus who died And is now gone a-bove.
Who has shown us our Sav-ior, And scat-tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev-'ry stain.
May each soul be re-kin-dled With fire from a-bove.

Revive Us Again.



120 Christ Arose.

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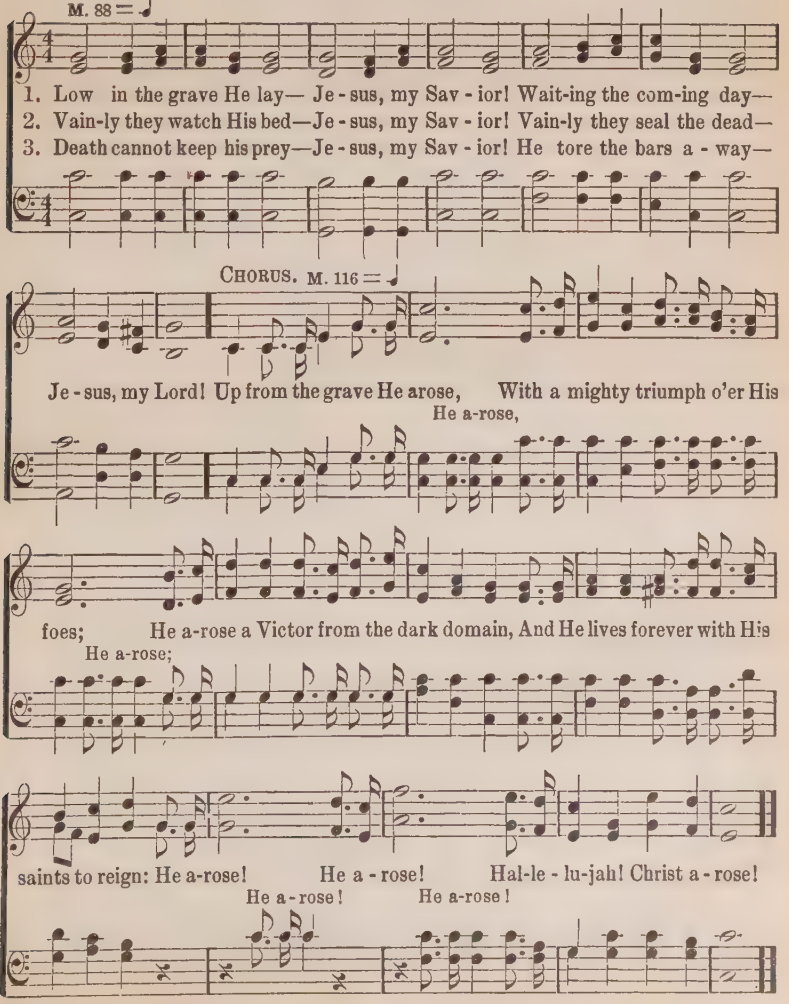
R. L. Robert Lowry.



121 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. Arranged.

M. 80 = ♩

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.–*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

ad lib. D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take My cross and follow, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

122 I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. C. R. Dunbar.

M. 76 = ♩

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.–*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

D. C. CHORUS.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

123 Watch in the Garden With Jesus.

E. C. Baird.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = ♩

1. If mist and dark-ness be-cloud life's day, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
2. If you are troub-led with doubt and fear, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
3. If you are bur-dened with grief and pain, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
4. Tho' cold and dark be Geth-sem - a - ne, Watch in the gar-den with Him;

For gloom and shad-ow will flee a - way, Watch in the gar-den with Him.
For clouds will rift and the sky will clear, Watch in the gar-den with Him.
For thro' your tears you shall smile a - gain, Watch in the gar-den with Him.
The sun will shine out from Cal - va - ry, Watch in the gar-den with Him.

CHORUS.

Watch for an hour with Je - sus, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
Watch in the gar-den with Him;

Rich blessings He'll share, He'll banish your care; Watch in the garden with Je - sus.

His Eye is On the Sparrow.

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Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 56 —

1. Why should I feel dis-cour-aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
2. "Let not your heart be trou-bled," His ten-der word I hear,
3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a-rise,

Why should my heart be lone-ly,.... And long for heav'n and home, When
And rest-ing on His good-ness,.. I lose my doubts and fears; Tho'
When song gives place to sigh-ing,... When hope with-in me dies, I

Je-sus is my por-tion? My con-stant friend is He: His
by the path He lead-eth, But one step I may see: His
draw the clos-er to Him, From care He sets me free; His

eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me; His

eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me.
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me.
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye is On the Sparrow.

CHORUS.

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py,..... I sing be-cause I'm free, ...
I'm hap-py, I'm free,

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.

125 Hear the Call.

W. F. S.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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W. F. Sherwin.
Arr. by C. H. G.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a - far!
2. On - ward marching, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown;
3. Conqu'ring hosts with ban-ners wav-ing, Sweep-ing on o'er hill and plain,

FINE.

Sons of earth, from slumber wak-ing, Hail the Bright and Morn - ing Star.
For the Lord is with you al-way, Till you wear the vic - tor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

D.S.–*Take the hel-met of Sal - va - tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Hear the call! oh, gird your ar-mor on, Grasp the Spir - it's might-y sword;

126 Have You Counted the Cost?

A. J. H.

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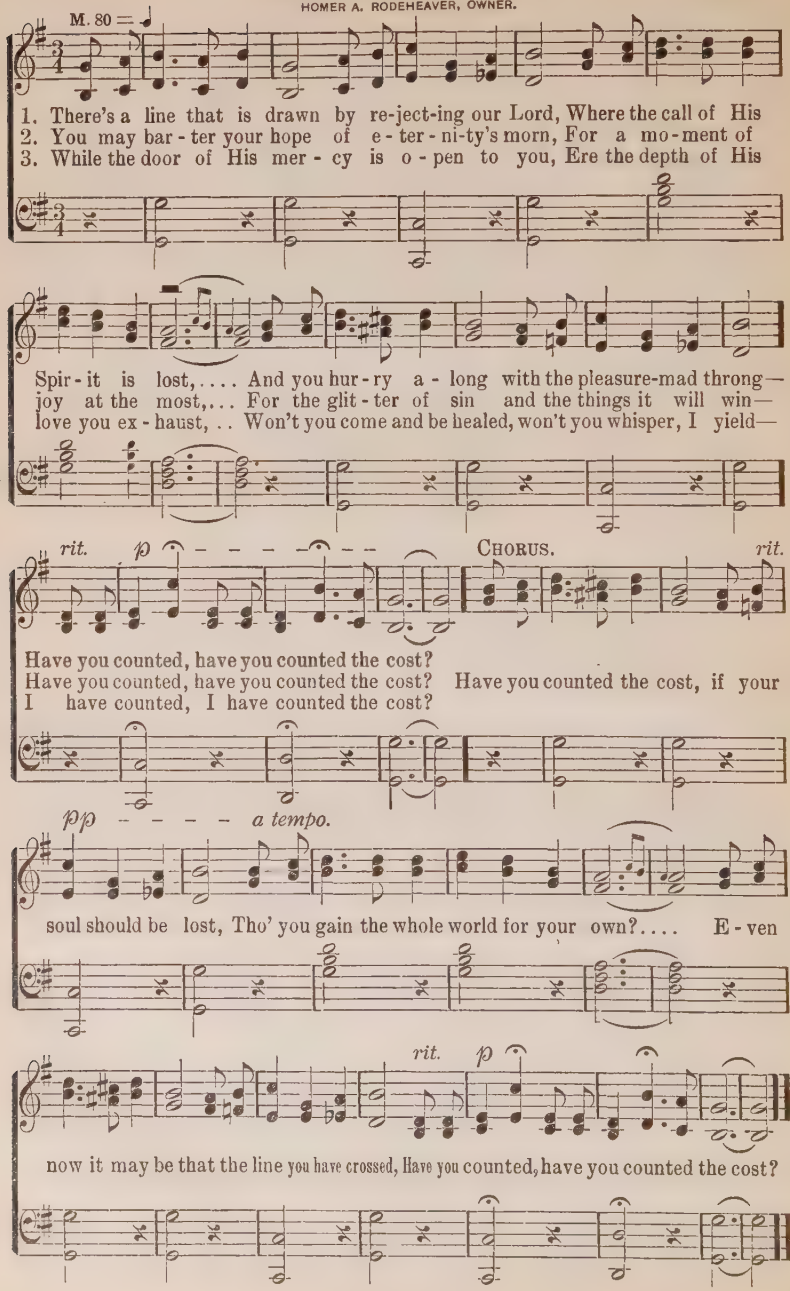
A. J. Hodge.



127 My Wonderful Dream.

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Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 44 = ♩.

1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav-ior di-vine, And I know that my
2. There is sweet com-pen-sa-tion for heart-ache and loss In the hope that is
3. It will still be my stay when the fashion's of earth In the mist are dis-

dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vis-ion of light,
giv-en to me; I shall quick-ly for-get how the road was be-set,
solv-ing a-way; For the pas-sage of death will be on-ly a breath-

CHORUS.

With a prom-ise e-ter-nal-ly new.
When the King in His beau-ty I see. O this won-der-ful dream is a
But a breath, and my dream will come true.

se-cret of grace, And I would that this se-cret you knew;..... For I
that you knew;

dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

Above song recorded by Homer Rodeheaver on RAINBOW RECORD—1008

My Wonderful Friend.

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Lizzie DeArmond. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 66 = ♩.

1. A won-der-ful Friend has come into my life, A Friend who is loy-al and true;
2. I know I can trust Him to lead me a-right Thro' all the long way I may go;
3. A won-der-ful Friend has come into my life! So lov-ing and gracious is He,

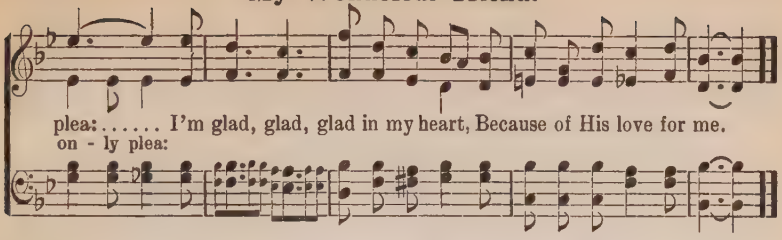
The joy of His presence a ra-di-ance gives To life, making ev-'ry-thing new.
If on-ly I lis-ten whenever He calls, The path that is best He will show.
This Jesus, the Savior, who died for my sins, Whose love is sufficient for me.

CHORUS.

I'm glad, glad, glad in my heart That Je - sus my Friend will be;.... I'm glad, glad, glad in my heart His grace is so full and free;.... He died on Cal-va-ry, and His blood is my on - ly

my Friend will be; grace is so full and free; blood is my

My Wonderful Friend.



129 Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

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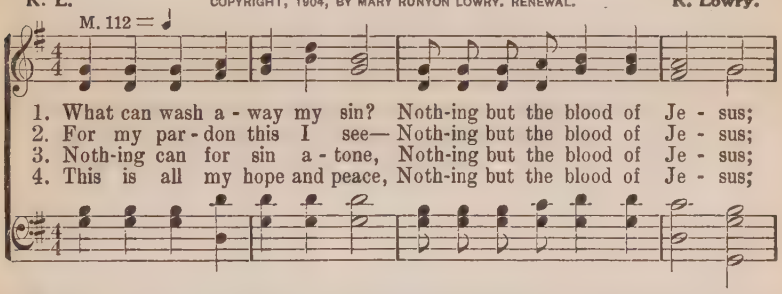

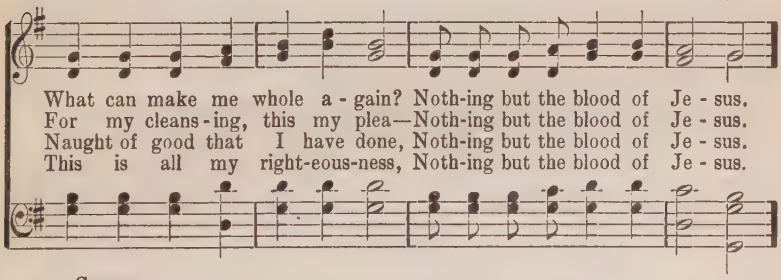

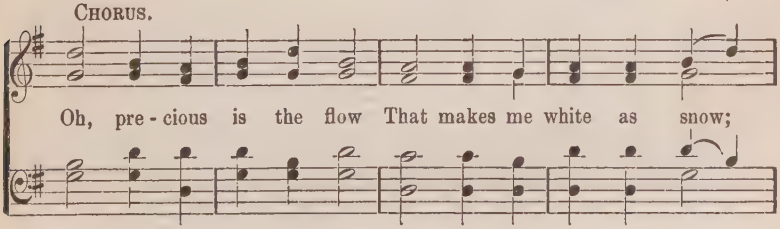

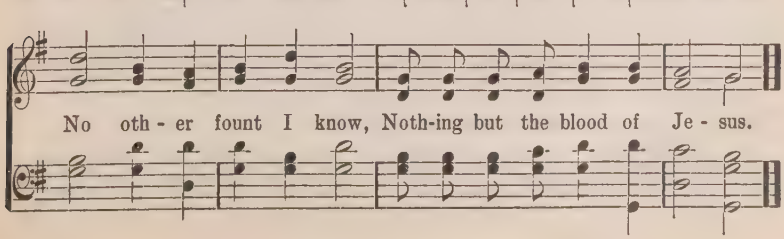

All Things In Jesus.

H. D. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY PAUL RADER.

Harry Dixon Loes.

M. 60 = ♩.

1. Friends all a-round me are try - ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
2. Some car - ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sorrow and
3. No oth - er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
4. Je - sus is all this poor world needs to - day, Blind - ly they strive, for sin

sin un - der-mined; I have the se - cret, I know where 'tis found:
blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
mis - sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore - ly tried,
dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,

CHORUS.

On - ly true pleas-ures in Je - sus a - bound.
If they will hum-bly in pen - i-tence bow. All that I want is in
Both need and want will by Him be sup - plied.
One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright!

Je - - - sus, He sat - is - fies, ... joy He sup-plies;
Je - sus, in Je - sus, with the free - ly;

ad lib.

Life would be worthless without Him, All things in Je - sus I find.
with-out Him, with-out Him,

The Burden Sharer.

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George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Do you bend be - neath a bur - den, need-ing strength be-yond your own?
2. He is a - ble, He is will - ing, and you need not doubt or fear;
3. Do not strug-gle on in dark - ness, with this might - y Friend to aid;

There's a Friend who longs to aid you, do not strug - gle on a - lone!
You've not far to go to find Him—this dear Friend is al - ways near;
Naught to Him will be your bur - den, and why should you be a - fraid?

Let the Bur - den Shar - er help you—tru - er friend was nev - er known;
Just a whis-pered prayer, a breath-ing of de - sire will reach His ear—
On this Friend di - vine, as Sav - ior, all your load of sin was laid—

D.S.—*He is al-ways wait-ing near you; On - ly call, and He will hear you—*

CHORUS.

No, you need not bear your bur-den all a - lone. You need not bear your

No, you need not bear your bur-den all a - lone.

D. S.

bur-den all a - lone! There's a Friend whose strength is great-er than your own;

132 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and free, And tho' I wan - dered far a - way, My moth - er's
2. O'er des - ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der - er I chose to be, A wretch-ed soul con - demned to die, Still moth - er's
3. He turned my dark-ness in - to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal - va- ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth - er's

CHORUS.

pray'rs have fol - lowed me. I'm com - ing home, I'm com - ing home, To live my wast - ed life a - new, For moth - er's pray'rs have fol - lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

133 Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

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Julia H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.

M. 144 = ♩

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat-en the soul with
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be-stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

CHORUS.

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar - vel - ous grace,
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?

God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
In - fi - nite grace, Mar-vel-ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
grace, In - fi - nite grace,

134 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Mary S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. Rev. Robert Lowry.

M. 76 = ♩

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

135 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

M. 108 = ♩

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for safe - ty on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work

136 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thomas Shepherd. **George N. Allen.**

M. 120 = ♩

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-r'wing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

Life's Sunset.

2 Tim. 4: 6–8.

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E. C. Baird. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 76 = ♩

1. Some - time when toil is end - ed, When twi - light shad-ows play,
2. Some - time the King will call me To quit this earth - ly way;
3. Some - time will come the eve - ning Of life's un - cer - tain day;

When light and shade are blend-ed, Help me, dear Lord, to say:—
No e - vil can be - fall me, If on - ly I can say:—
Oh, when the shades are deep-'ning, May I, re - joic - ing, say:—

Refrain.

I have fought, I have fin - ished, I have kept the faith, Thy grace I

glad - ly ac - cept;..... For hence-forth I see a

crown laid up for me, I have fought, I have finished, I have kept the faith.

138 Good Night and Good Morning.

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Lizzie DeArmond. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

M. 85 = ♩

1. When comes to the wea - ry a bless - ed re - lease, When up-ward we
2. When fad - eth the day and dark shad-ows draw nigh, With Christ close at
3. When home-lights we see shin - ing bright - ly a - bove, Where we shall be

pass to His king-dom of peace, When free from the woes that on earth we must bear,
hand, it is not death to die; He'll wipe ev-'ry tear, roll a - way ev-'ry care;
soon, thro' His won-der-ful love, We'll praise Him who called us His heav-en to share,

CHORUS.

We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morn - ing" up there.
We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morn - ing" up there. Good-morn-ing up there where
We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morn - ing" up there.

Christ is the Light, Good-morn - ing up there where cometh no night; When we step from this

earth to God's heaven so fair, We'll say "good-night" here, but "good-morn-ing" up there.

Mr. Homer Rodeheaver sings above song on RAINBOW RECORD—1052

139 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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Dion De Marbelle.

M. 80 = ♩

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the

on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil - ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

FINE.

dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

D.S.—*yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.*

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the

D. S.

glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju - bi - lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

140 Till the Whole World Knows.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I'll tell to all that God is love; For the world has nev - er known
2. I'll tell of mer-cy's bound-less tide, Like the wa - ters of the sea,
3. I'll tell of grace that keeps the soul, Of a - bid - ing peace with-in,
4. E - ter - nal glo - ry is the goal That a-waits the sons of light;

The great com-pas - sion of His heart For the way-ward and the lone.
That cov - ers ev - 'ry sin of man; 'Tis sal - va - tion, full and free.
Of faith that o - ver-comes the world, With its tu - mult and its din.
E - ter - nal dark-ness, black as death, For the chil - dren of the night.

CHORUS.

Till the whole world knows, Till the whole world
Till the world, till the whole world knows, Till the world, till the whole world,

Till the world, the whole world knows,

knows, I will shout and sing Of Christ my King, Till the whole world knows.
whole world knows,

141 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

M. 58 = ♩

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

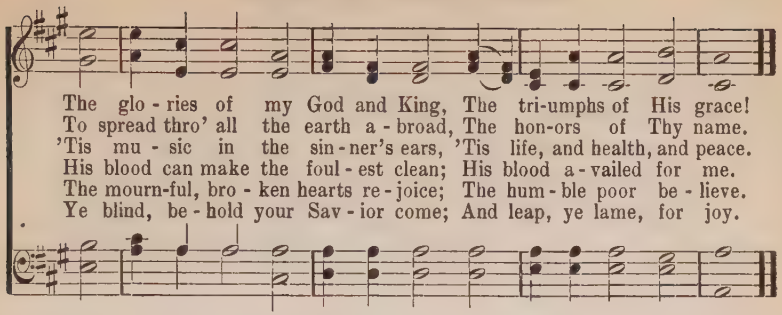
142 O For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

M. 60 = ♩

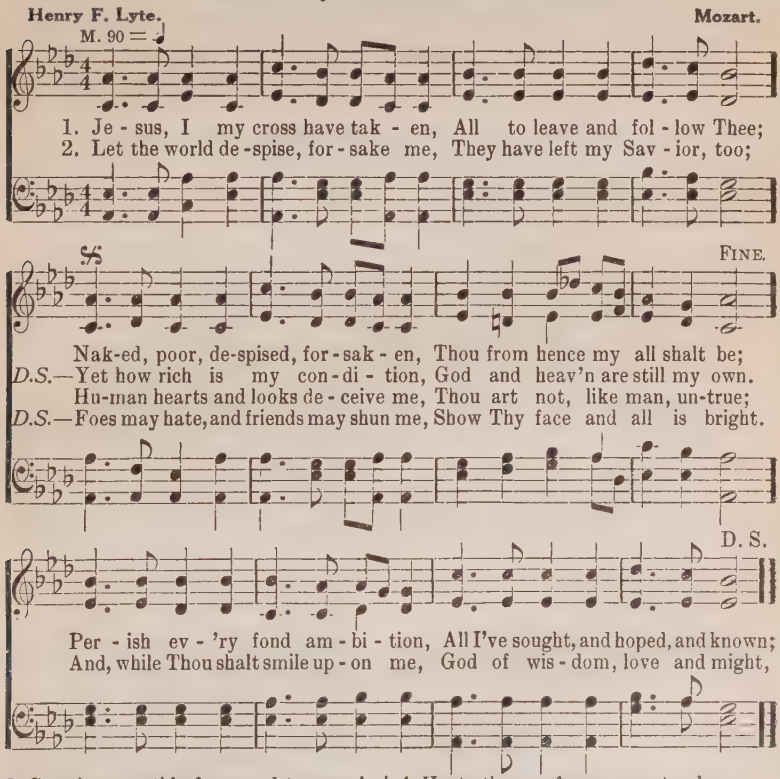
1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. He speaks, and, lis - t'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy;

O For a Thousand Tongues.



143 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. **Mozart.**



3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God will safely guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

The Wonderful Story.

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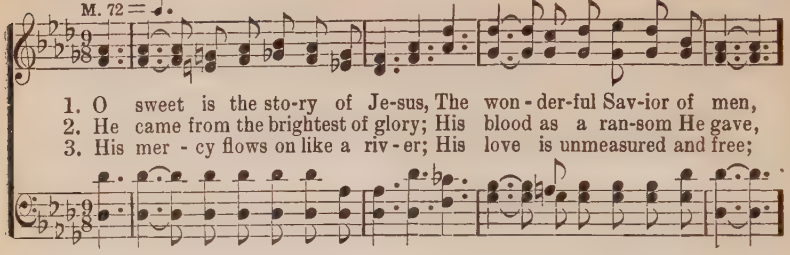
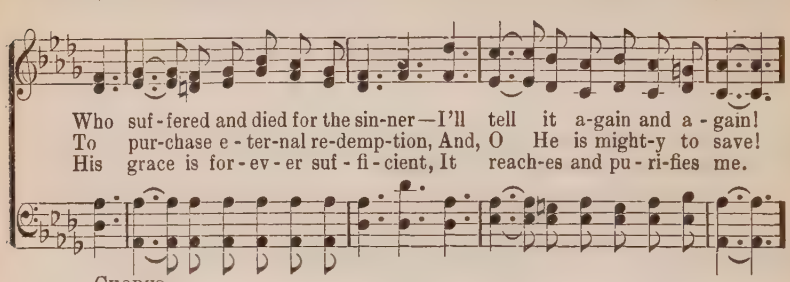
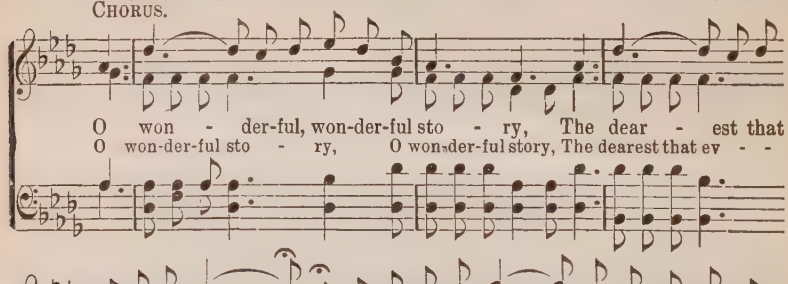
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glory; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er; His love is unmeasured and free;

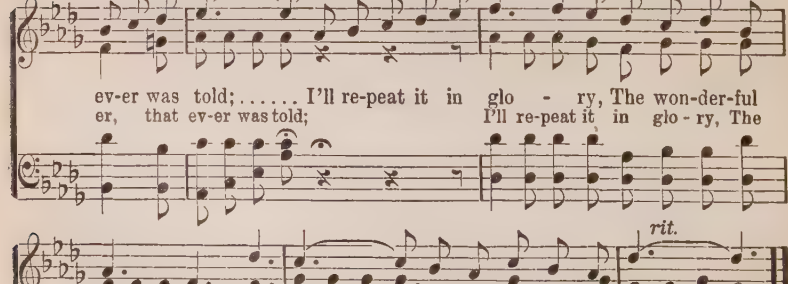


Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner—I'll tell it a-gain and a - gain!
To pur-chase e - ter-nal re-demp-tion, And, O He is might-y to save!
His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach-es and pu - ri-fies me.

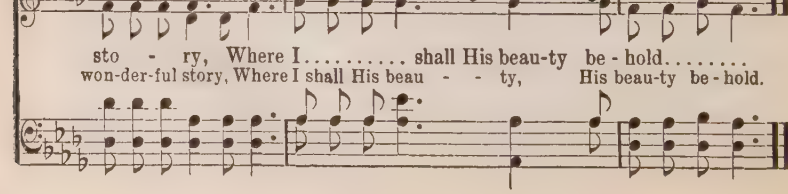


CHORUS.

O won - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, The dear - est that
O won-der-ful sto - ry, O won-der-ful story, The dearest that ev - -



ev-er was told; . . . . . I'll re-peat it in glo - ry, The won-der-ful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo - ry, The



sto - ry, Where I . . . . . shall His beau-ty be - hold . . . . . .
won-der-ful story, Where I shall His beau - - ty, His beau-ty be - hold.

145 Sail On!

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus. M. 80 = ♩

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS. M. 88 = ♩

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

* *rit. e dim.* *p p*

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

146 Is It the Crowning Day?

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George Walker Whitcomb. **Charles H. Marsh.**

M. 63 = ♩.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day, Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day, Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to-day. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing
He is "at hand" to-day.
He is my all to-day.

day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be; Je-sus my Lord I

rit.

soon shall see. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

147 Sound the Battle Cry.

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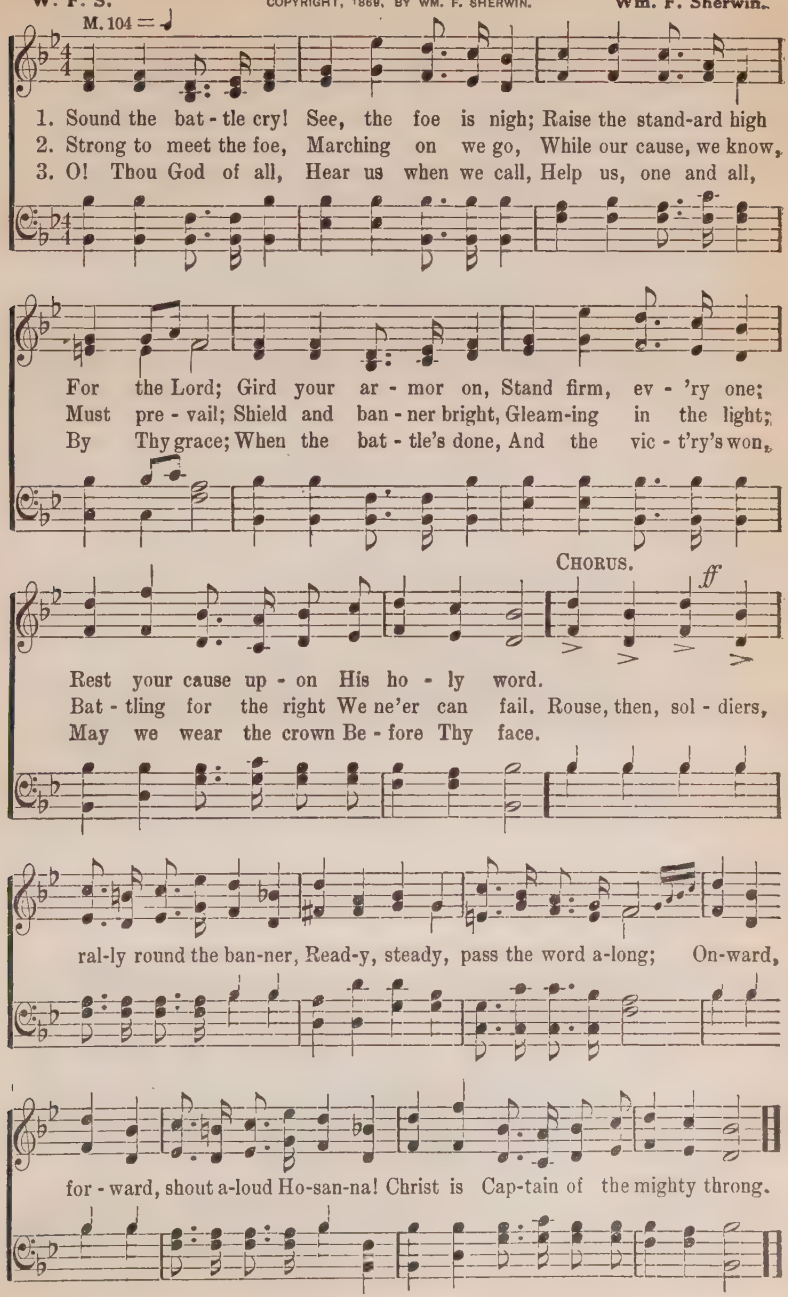

Thine the Glory.

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Wm. P. Mackay. J. B. Herbert.

*UNISON CHORUS. M. 88 = ♩

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le-

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

lu - jah Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

died, and is now gone a - bove. We praise Thee, O God! for the
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain. All glo - ry and praise to the
sought us, and guid - ed our ways. All glo - ry and praise to the
kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each

FINE.

glo - ry! Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry!

D. C. CHORUS.

Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a-bove.
Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - ior, and scattered our night.
Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed ev'ry stain.
God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
heart with Thy love; May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a-bove.

*Do not sing this Obligato with the stanzas of the hymn, but in the D. C. all voices sing it in unison, the instrument playing the four voice parts *ff*.

149 Some Time We'll Understand.

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Maxwell N. Cornelius. James McGranahan.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a-gain, And fin - ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
4. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err-ing hand;

We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, some time, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, some time, we'll understand.
Some time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Then trust in God thro' all the days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold thy hand;

a tempo. *cres.* *ad lib.*

Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some time, some time, we'll understand.

150 If Your Heart Keeps Right.

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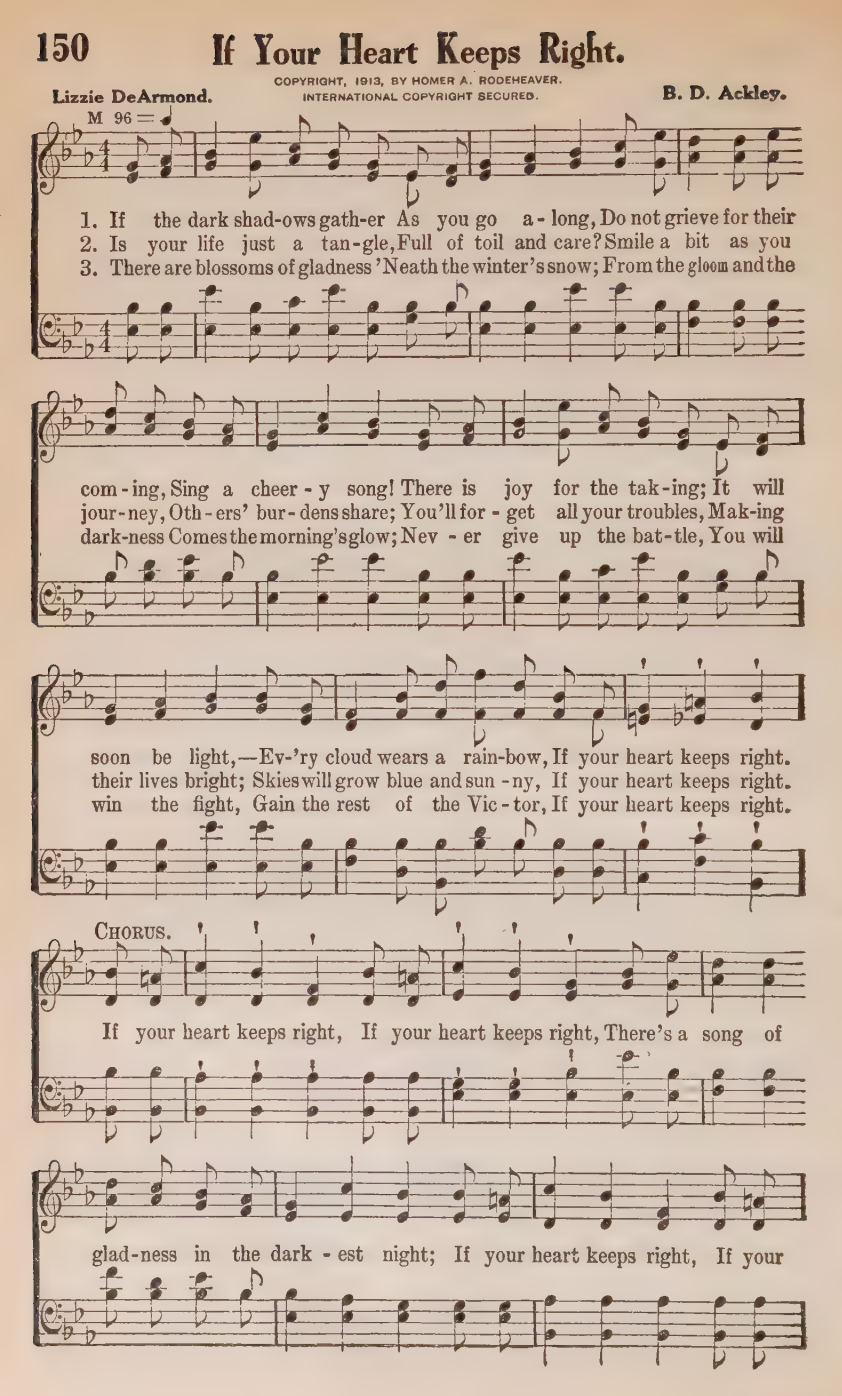
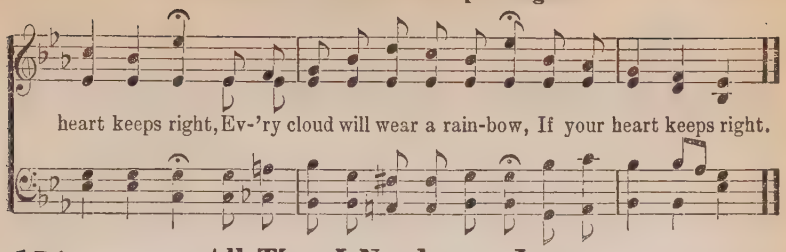
Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.



If Your Heart Keeps Right.



151 All That I Need is in Jesus.

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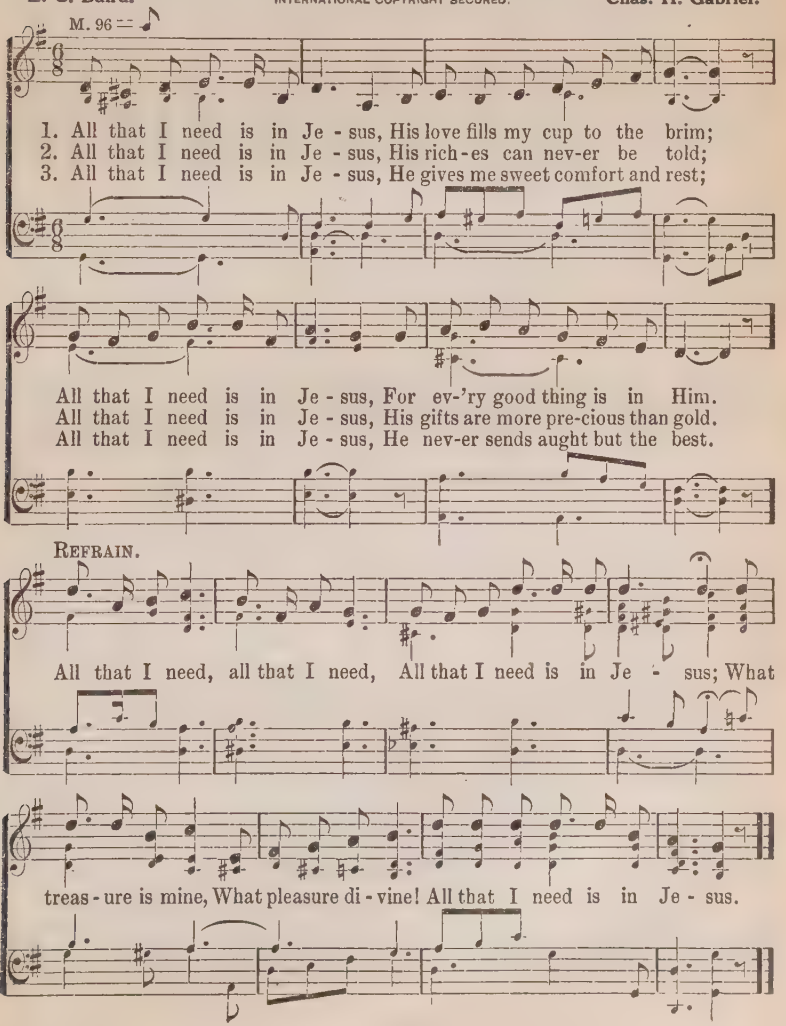
E. C. Baird. Chas. H. Gabriel.



152 Whosoever Liveth and Believeth.

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CHORUS. Blanche Kerr Brock.

M. 100 = ♩

Who-so-ev-er liv-eth and be-liev-eth in Me, Who-so-ev-er

liv-eth and be-liev-eth in Me, Who-so-ev-er liv-eth and be-

liev-eth in Me, Shall nev-er, nev-er die ..... shall nev-er die.

153 The Ninety and Nine Chorus.

fff

Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own;

ppp

Re-joice,.. for the Lord brings back His own.....

Beulah Land.

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M. 80 = ♩

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

155 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 108 = ♪

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,

f. FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D.S.—And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

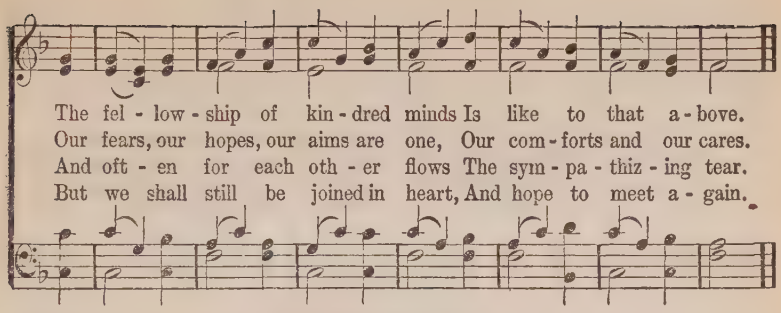
156 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.



157 Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

M. 80 =

1. Ho, my com-rades! see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on:
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing! Hear the trum - pet blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle ra - ges, But our help is near;

Re - in - force-ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone!
In our Lead-er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
On - ward comes our great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still;
Wave the an - swer back to heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."

158 Eye Hath Not Seen.

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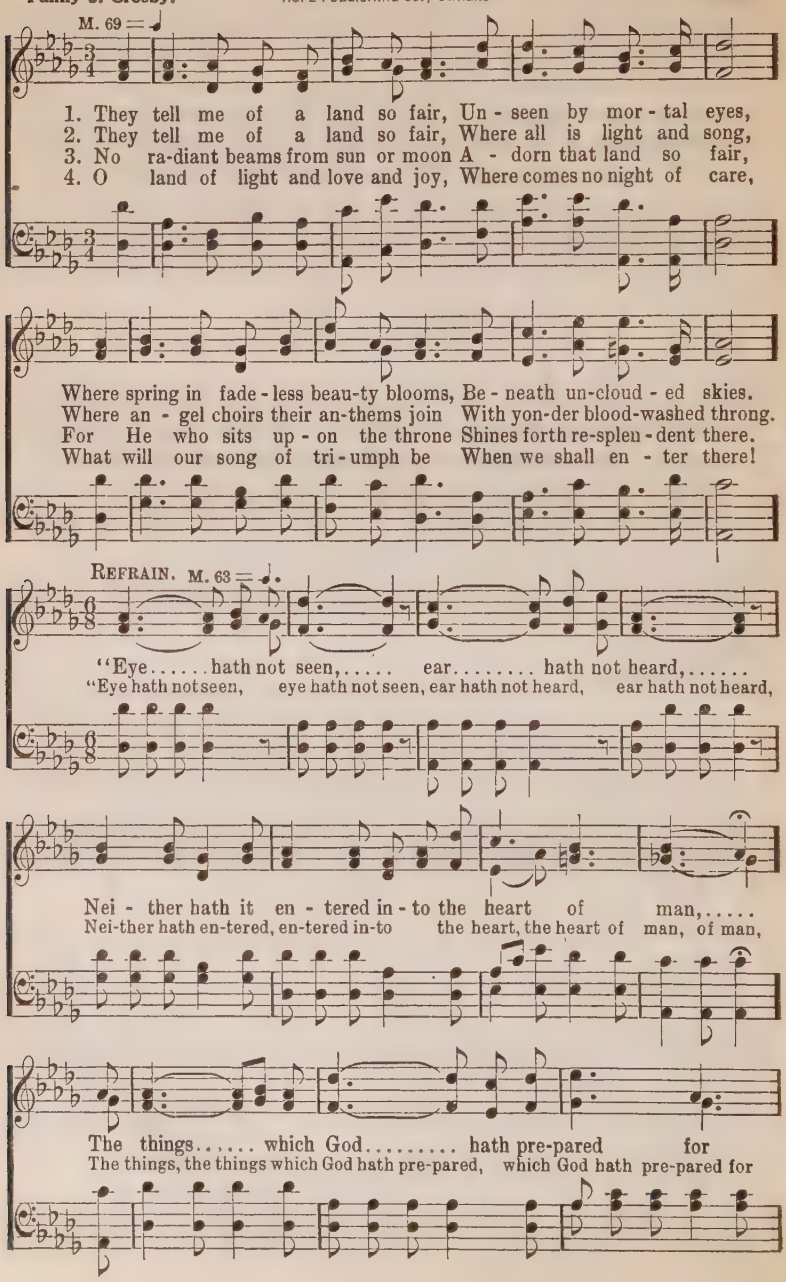
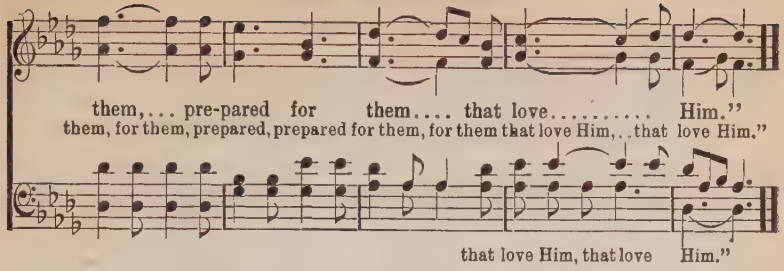
Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



Eye Hath Not Seen.



159 With My Savior Through the Shadows.

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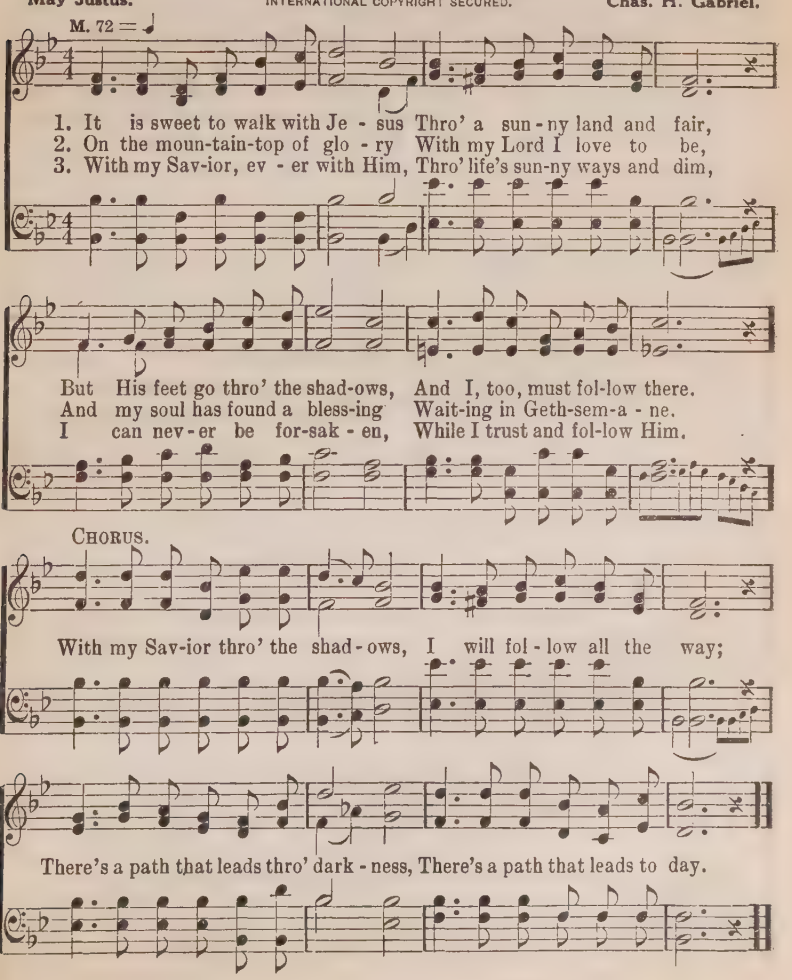
May Justus. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Speak, My Lord.

G. B.

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George Bennard.

M. 76 = ♩

1. Hear the Lord of har - vest sweet - ly call-ing, "Who will go and work for Me to - day? Who will bring to Me the lost and dy - ing?
2. When the coal of fire... touched the proph-et, Mak - ing him as pure, as pure can be. When the voice of God said, "Who'll go for us?"
3. Mil - lions now in sin and shame are dy - ing; Lis - ten to their sad and bit - ter cry; Has - ten, broth-er, has - ten to the res - cue;
4. Soon the time for reap - ing will be o - ver; Soon we'll gath - er for the har - vest-home; May the Lord of har - vest smile up - on us,

CHORUS.

Who will point them to the nar - row way?"
Then he answered, "Here I am, send me." Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord,
Quick-ly an-swer, "Mas-ter, here am I."
May we hear His bless-ed, "Child, well done."

Lord, Speak, and I'll be quick to an-swer Thee; Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, to an-swer Thee;

rit.

Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, and I will answer, "Lord, send me."
Speak, my Lord, "Lord, send me."

161

In Beulah Land.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = 𝅗𝅥

1. I'm dwell-ing now up - on the heights Of Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land; In
2. Here rich-est treas-ures I have found, In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land; Here
3. My heart is fixed, my faith is clear, In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land; Con-

all its joys my soul delights, In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land. I feel His
riv - ers of de-light a-bound, In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land. His grace and
tent un - til my Lord ap-pear, In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land. Then when the

lov-ing pres-ence near; The mu-sic of His voice I hear, And near-er does my
mer-cies nev-er cease; Each day my hopes and joys in-crease; He gives me free-dom,
shad-ows of the night Shall reach me on this loft-y height, My soul to Him shall

CHORUS.

home ap-pear, From Beu - lah land.
gives me peace, In Beu - lah land. Oh, Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, Where Je - sus
take its flight From Beu - lah land.

comes my soul to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat, In Beu - lah land.

My Dream City.

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Chas. H. Gabriel. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

SOLO. *Sop., Alto and Bass hum with closed lips.*

1. I dream of a cit - y no mor - tal hath seen, A cit - y of
2. That cit - y of God is the home of the soul, Pre-pared for His
3. Some day I shall en - ter my cit - y of dreams, And oh! what a

jas - per and gold,..... Where sin can - not en - ter, where
loved and His own;..... There noth - ing shall en - ter that
joy it will be..... To meet with the loved ones who've

there is no death, And where no one shall ev - er grow old;.....
mak - eth a lie, And there dis-cord shall nev - er be known.....
gone on be - fore, Who are watching and wait-ing for me.....

A cit - y that need - eth no rays of the sun, Or ei - ther the
No sick-ness is there, nei-ther long - ing nor pain; No shad - ow shall
But, dear - est of all, I shall see Him who died My gra - cious Re-

moon to give light, ... Where nev - er a sor - row or
make us a - fraid,..... For 'twas by the hand of the
deem - er to be;..... And there through the a - ges un-

My Dream City.

care shall be known, And where nev-er-more com-eth the night.....
Fa - ther of all Its foun - da-tions e - ter - nal were laid.....
end - ing I'll sing Of the love that could save e - ven me.....

CHORUS. *Male Voices. Melody in 2nd Bass.*

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, won - der - ful cit - y, Home of the

Melody in 1st Tenor.

blest, Glo - rious cit - y of rest; Where there's no sor - row,

No sad to - mor - row, Where I shall see Him who died for me.

166 Mizpah.

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Slowly. C. H. G.

The Lord watch between me and thee When we are ab-sent one from the other. A-men.

Go Forward.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 108 = ♩

1. There's a cloud o'er the way That will lead thro' the day, And a fire that
2. Tho' the hills may be steep, And the val - leys be deep, He who leads will
3. He has prom-ised to keep When the wa - ters are deep, And tho' heav'n and

burn - eth for the trav-'ler in the night; Would you safely be led, Trav-el
give to you a hap - py song of cheer; When your soul is oppressed, And when
earth should pass a-way, His word is sure; He will cleanse ev'ry stain, He will

on straight a - head To the goal of the saints in a world of de-light.
dan - gers mo-lest, He'll be near you to com - fort and save, nev-er fear.
break ev - 'ry chain, And at last give a crown for the cross you en-dure.

CHORUS.

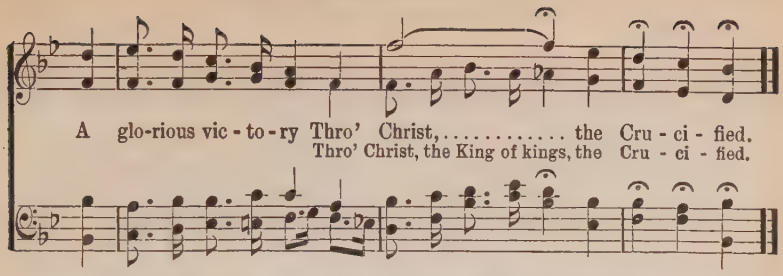
ev - - - er
Go for - - - ward, what-so - ev - er may be - tide! Have
Go for - ward, what - so - ev - er may be - tide!..... Have

Go for - ward, what - so - ev - - - - - - er may be - tide! Have

faith,..... and lo! the waters will di-vide! In tri-umph thou shalt see
faith, and lo! the wa-ters will di - vide!.....

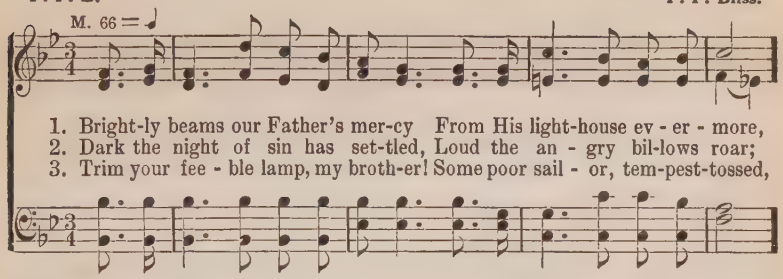
faith, and lo! the wa - ters will di - vide!

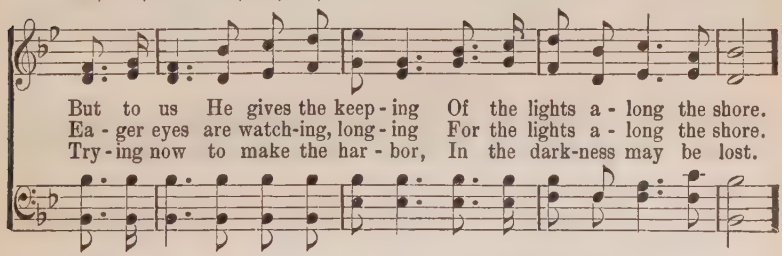
Go Forward.

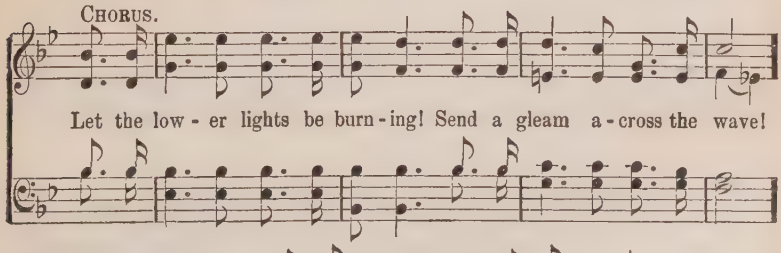


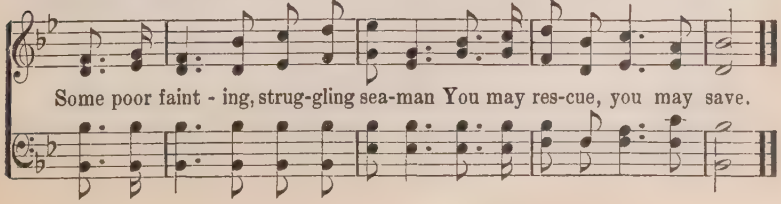
168 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.









We're Marching to Zion.

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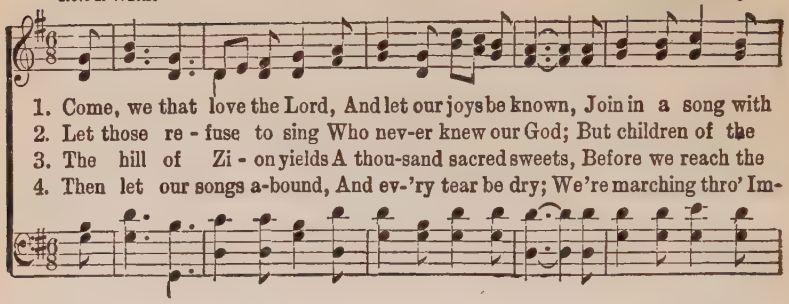
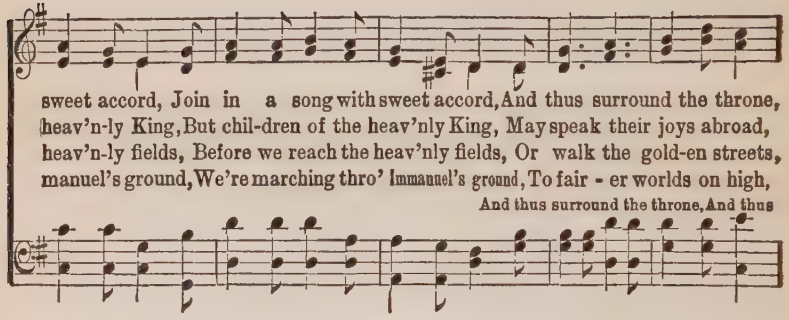
Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.



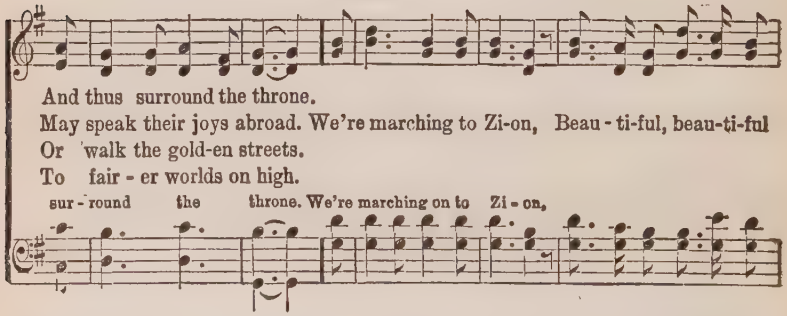
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sacred sweets, Before we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-



sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad,
heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,

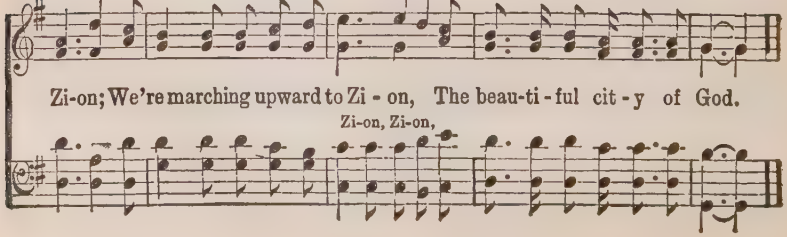
And thus surround the throne. And thus

CHORUS.



And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys abroad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.

sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,



Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi-on, Zi-on,

170 America the Beautiful.

Katharine Lee Bates. Samuel A. Ward.

M. 100 = ♩

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain;....
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress....
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,....
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be - yond the years....

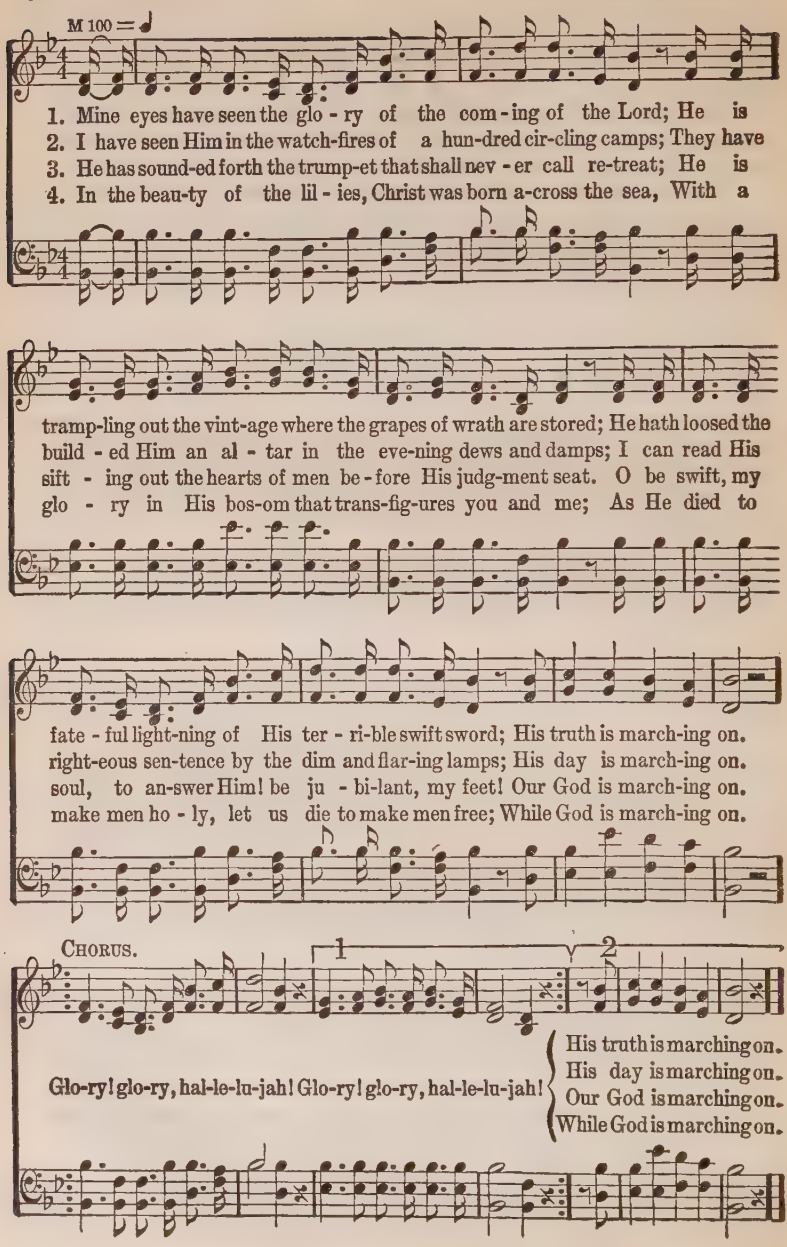
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

171 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



172 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.

M. 92 = ♩

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

173 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.

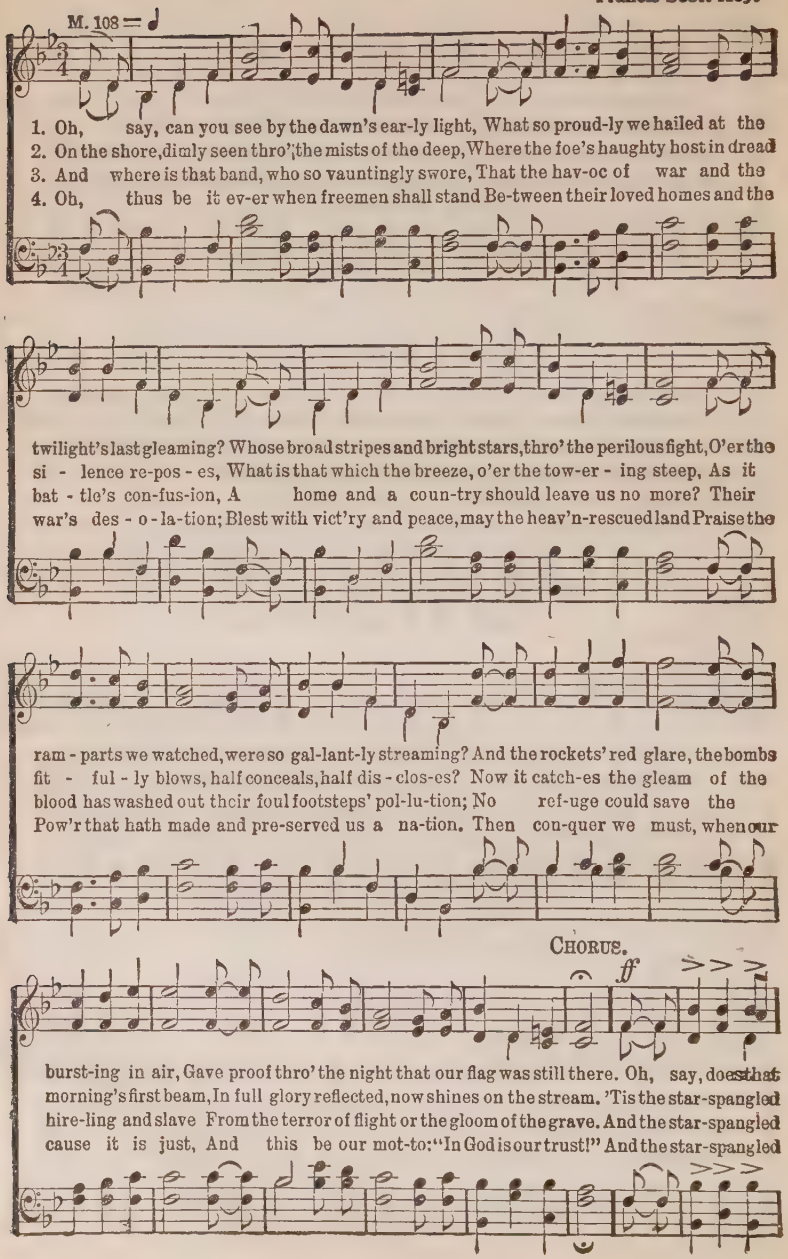
M. 60 = ♩

1. { God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, / Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine: }
2. { The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; / Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart. }
3. { Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire, / To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre. }

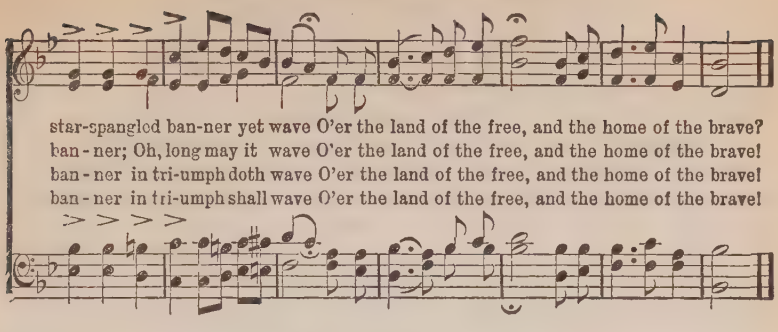
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
Judge of the na-tions, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

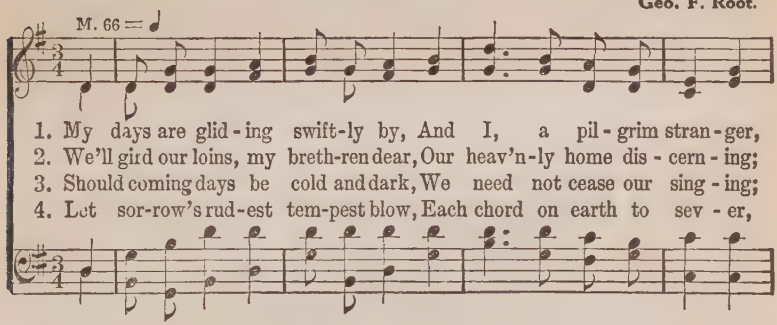


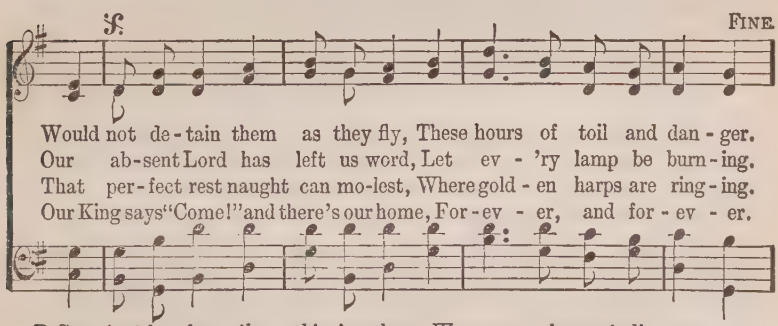
The Star-Spangled Banner.

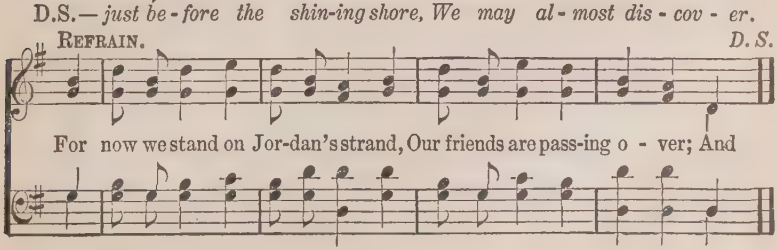


175 The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.







Spirituals.

176 Were You There?

M. 72 = ♩

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (were you there?)
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (to the tree?)
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? (in the side?)
4. Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? (were you there?)
5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (in the tomb?)

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh!.....
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh!.....
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh!.....
Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? Oh!.....
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh!.....

Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,

trem - ble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem - ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
trem - ble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
trem - ble, Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
trem - ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

177 Lord, I Can't Stay Away.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

Rather slow and solemn.

Lord, I can't stay a - way, I can't stay a - way, I

rit. e dim. FINE.

can't stay a - way, I can't..... stay a - way.
can't stay a - way.

1. I've got to go to judg-ment to stand my tri - al; I've
2. I've got to go to heav - en to live with Je - sus; I've
3. They're com-in' from the east, from the west they're com - in'; They're

got to go to judg - ment to stand my tri - al; I've
got to go to heav - en to live with Je - sus; I've
com - in' from the north, from the south they're com - in'; They're

D. C.

got to go to judg-ment to stand my tri - al; I can't stay a - way.
got to go to heav - en to live with Je - sus; I can't stay a - way.
com - in' on the rain-bow, and on the clouds, Lord; I can't stay a - way.

Down By the River-Side.

M. 76 = ♩

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Goin't' lay down my bur-den, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,
2. Goin't' lay down my sword and shield, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,
3. Goin't' try on my long white robe, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,
4. Goin't' try on my star-ry crown, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,

SOLO. CHORUS.

Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,
Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' lay down my sword and shield, Down by the riv-er-side,
Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' try on my long white robe, Down by the riv-er-side,
Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' try on my starry crown, Down by the riv-er-side,

CHORUS.

Goin' to stud-y war no more. Ain't goin't' study war no more, Ain't goin't'

1 2

stud-y war no more, Ain't goin't' study war no more, ... Ain't goin't' war no more.
goin't' study war no more,

5. Goin't' meet my dear old mother.
6. Goin't' meet my dear old father.
7. Goin't' meet dem Hebrew children.
8. Goin't' meet my loving Jesus.

Shine On Me.

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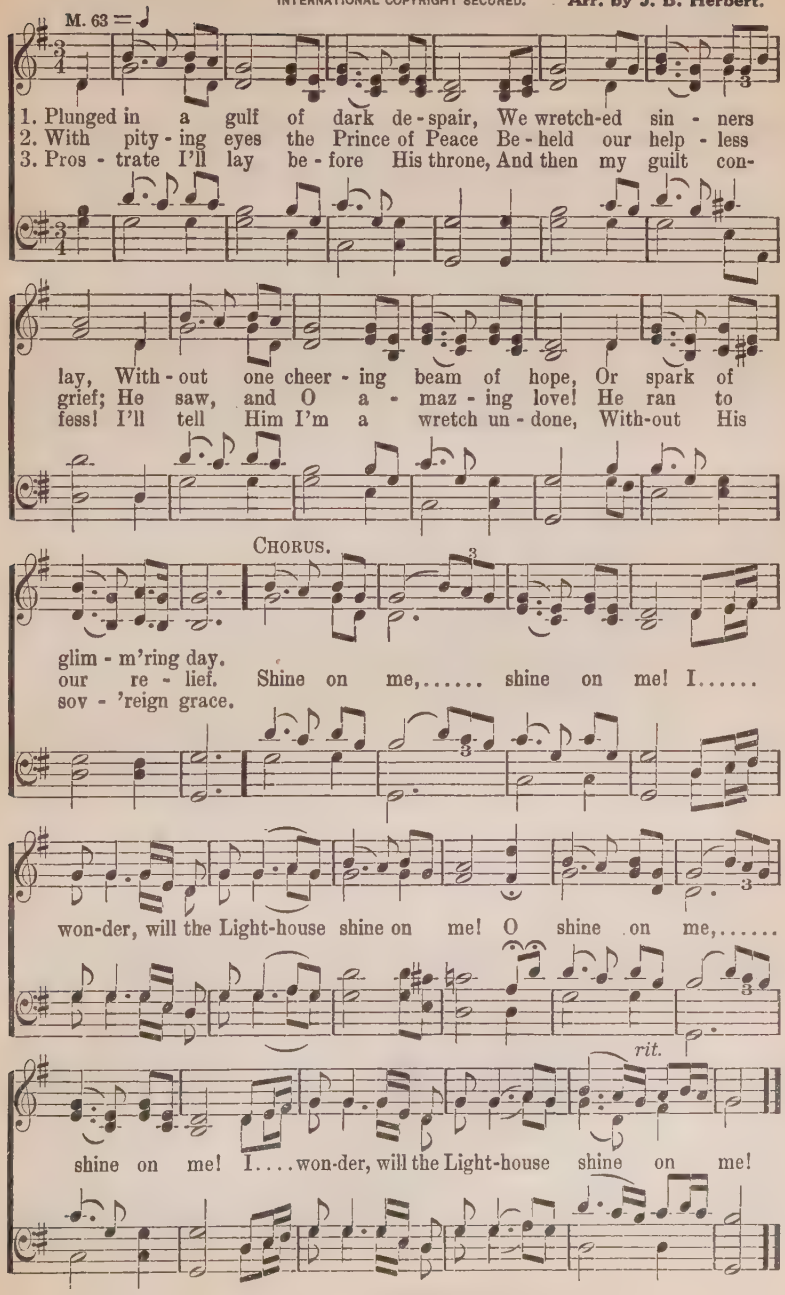
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



180 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT 1902. BY JOHN CHURCH COMPANY, USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re-mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me.

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

Swing Song.

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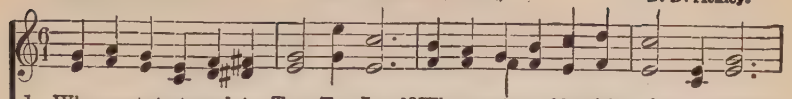
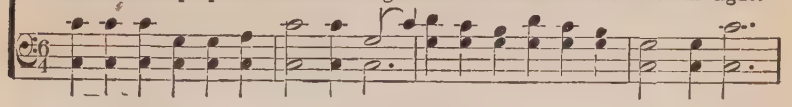
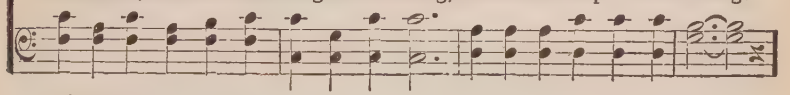
Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.



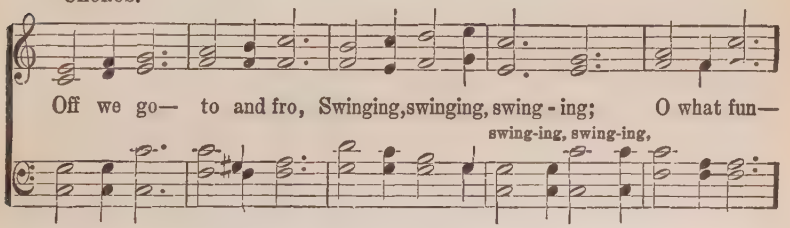
1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
3. Who wants to peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?



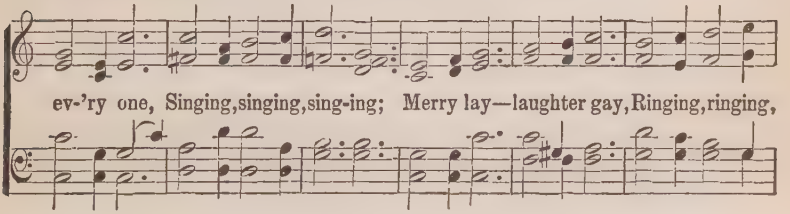
Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!



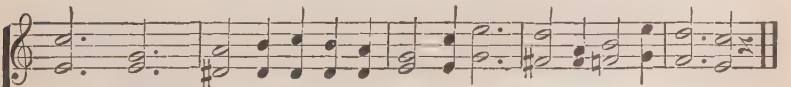
CHORUS.



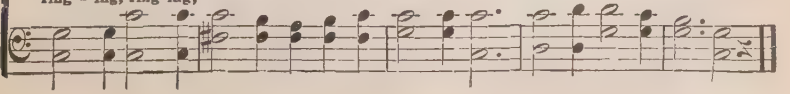
Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun—
swing-ing, swing-ing,



ev-'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,



ring - ing; Light and free as the birds are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!
ring - ing, ring-ing,



182 Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

M. 92 = ♩

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His jew-els,
   { All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His (*Omit..*) own,—
2. { He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
   { All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His (*Omit..*) own.
3. { Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem-er,
   { Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His (*Omit..*) own.

CHORUS.

{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
{ They shall shine in their beauty, (*Omit.....*) Bright gems for His crown.

183 Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Stand-ing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's com-mand,
2. Man-y might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand,
3. Man-y gi-ants, great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand!

Hon-or them, the faith-ful few! All hail to Dan-iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's Band!
Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's Band!
Sa-tan and his host de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's Band!

Dare to Be a Daniel.

CHORUS.

Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand a - lone,

Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!

184 The Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. J. C. Englebrecht.

M. 50 = ♩.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For all that are

here a - mong men, How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should
thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said "Let the
share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him below, I shall
washed and for - giv'n, And man-y dear children are gathering there, "For of

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then,
lit - tle ones come un-to Me." "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to Me,"
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove,
such is the King-dom of heav'n." "For of such is the King-dom of heav'n,"

185 Sleep, Sleep.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

M. 56 = ♩

1. Je - sus the meek and mild, Came as a lit - tle child;
2. Gift from a - bove, the Best; Child, by the Fa - ther blest;
3. Hum-bly we wor - ship Thee, Prince of E - ter - ni - ty,

Beth - le-hem's man-ger cra-dled the Stranger, King—by His own re - viled.
Watch o'er Thy sleeping, an-gels are keep-ing, Naught shall disturb Thy rest.
My heart is seek-ing Thy care and keeping, En - ter and dwell with me.

QUARTET CHORUS. *Melody in Tenor.*

{ Sleep,... sleep,.... An - gels are sing - ing Thy slum - ber song;
{ Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly, Wor-ship and hon - or to Thee be - long;

1

Sleep,.... sleep,.... Heav - en - ly rest be Thine; }
Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly,

2 *rit.*

Child so ho - ly, sleep,.... Sleep, lit - tle Child di - vine.....
Sleep,..... King so low - ly,

186 Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 76 = ♩

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so:
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide!
3. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

187 Evening Prayer.

Mary L. Duncan. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 90 = ♩

1. Je - sus, lov-ing Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me—Lis - ten to my eve-ning prayer.
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

188 Shining For Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 80 = ♩.

1. In a world of dark-ness, I would be a light, Shin-ing like a bea-con,
2. On the fall-ing rain-drops I would al-ways shine, Painting there the rainbows
3. When the night is darkest, I would be a light, Her-ald-ing the com-ing

with a ra-diance bright; For a light is need-ed that will brightly shine,
with a light di - vine, Till the clouds have vanished and the sky is blue;
of the morning bright, Guiding oth-ers on-ward to the end-less day,

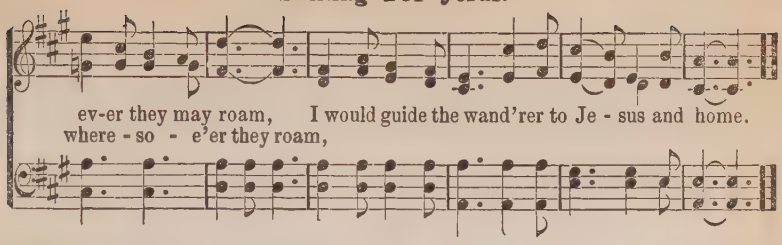
CHORUS.

Guid-ing oth - ers safe - ly with a glow di - vine. Shin - ing for
I would keep on shin - ing with a light so true.
I would shine for Je - sus all a-long life's way. Shining, shining,

Je - sus, I would ev - er be,..... Shin - ing so
shining for Je - sus I would ev - er be, Shin - ing so that

oth - ers may see Him in me; Send - ing a bea - con wher-
oth - ers Send - ing out a bea-con of cour-age

Shining For Jesus.



189 Keeping Step.

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George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 69 = ♩.

1. Keep-ing step, we march a-long, While we sing our march-ing song;
2. Keep-ing step, we sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our Sav-ior bring;
3. Keep-ing step, we still re-peat, Lit-tle hands and lit-tle feet

For the right a-gainst the wrong, We will march for Je - sus.
How our hap-py voi-ces ring When we sing for Je - sus.
Al-ways find that it is sweet Just to work for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Keep-ing step, and all in line, So we march for Je - sus;

Hearts are light and fa-ces shine, As we march for Je - sus.

190 Count On Us.

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Lizzie DeArmond. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 104 = ♩

1. We would serve the Lord each day In some glad and hap - py way;
2. We can lend a help - ing hand In the place just where we stand,
3. While a - long life's way we go, To all wrong we'll an - swer "No:"

By His love so tru - ly blest, Count on us to do our best.
Leav-ing un - to God the rest; Count on us to do our best.
Tho' our cour-age it may test, Count on us to do our best.

CHORUS.

Count on us to do our best, Leav-ing un - to Him the rest;

Tho' our cour - age it may test, Count on us to do our best.

191 Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. W. B. Bradbury.

M. 92 = ♩

1. { Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
   { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: }
2. { We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
   { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray: }
3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
   { Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free: }

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

192 Two Little Hands.

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J. O. L. J. Owen Long.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Two lit - tle [1]hands to work for [1]Je - sus, Here [2]be - low, here be - low;
2. Two lit - tle [8]ears to hear the mes-sage Of His love, of His love;
3. Two lit - tle [5]feet to run for Je - sus, Ev - 'ry - where, [10]ev - 'ry-where;

FINE.

One lit - tle [3]tongue to tell of Je - sus, As I go.
One lit - tle [9]heart to fit for man-sions, Bright [7]a - bove.
One lit - tle [6]life to give in serv - ice, Here or there.

D. S.—*All that I have I give to [7]Je - sus, He's my King!*

CHORUS. D. S.

Two lit - tle [4]hands, two lit - tle [5]feet, One lit-tle [6]life I glad - ly bring;

GESTURES:—1. Hands and arms extended. 2. Point to floor. 3. Point to mouth. 4. Hold out hands. 5. Point to feet. 6. Place hand over heart. 7. Look up. 8. Hold hand to ear. 9. Hand over heart. 10. Point along front of stage.

193 The Children's Prayer.

Hattie Belle Newell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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M. 44 = ♩.

1. Our Fa - ther in Heav-en, the dear children's Friend, We ask Thee up-
2. Dear kind, lov - ing Fa-ther, watch o - ver us all, For we are so
3. We ask Thee to watch us wher-ev - er we go, To be ev - er

on us Thy bless - ing to send; And make us like Thee in Thy
young, and so weak, and so small; Stretch out o - ver us Thy pro-
with us and help us to grow "In wis - dom and stat - ure and

bright childhood's day, So pure, and so good, and o - be-dient al - way.
tect - ing, strong arm, To keep us from sin, and from dan - ger and harm.
fa - vor" with Thee, That Thy bless-ed chil-dren we may al-ways be.

REFRAIN.

Oh, hear us, . . . Lord, hear us; . . . . . Oh, hear us, dear Father, we pray.

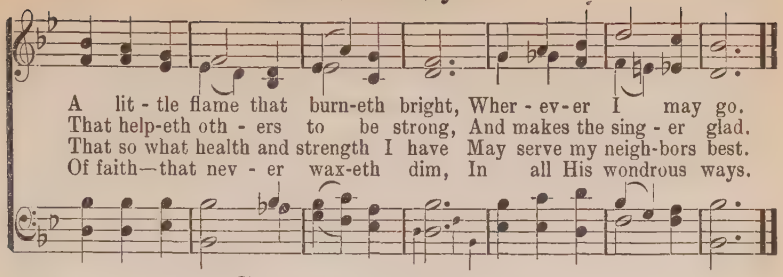
194 God Make My Life.

M. Betham-Edwards. J. Walch.

M. 120 = ♩

1. God make my life a lit - tle light With-in the world to glow;
2. God make my life a lit - tle song That com-fort-eth the sad,
3. God make my life a lit - tle staff Whereon the weak may rest;
4. God make my life a lit - tle hymn Of tend - er - ness and praise;

God Make My Life.



195 Growing Up For Jesus.

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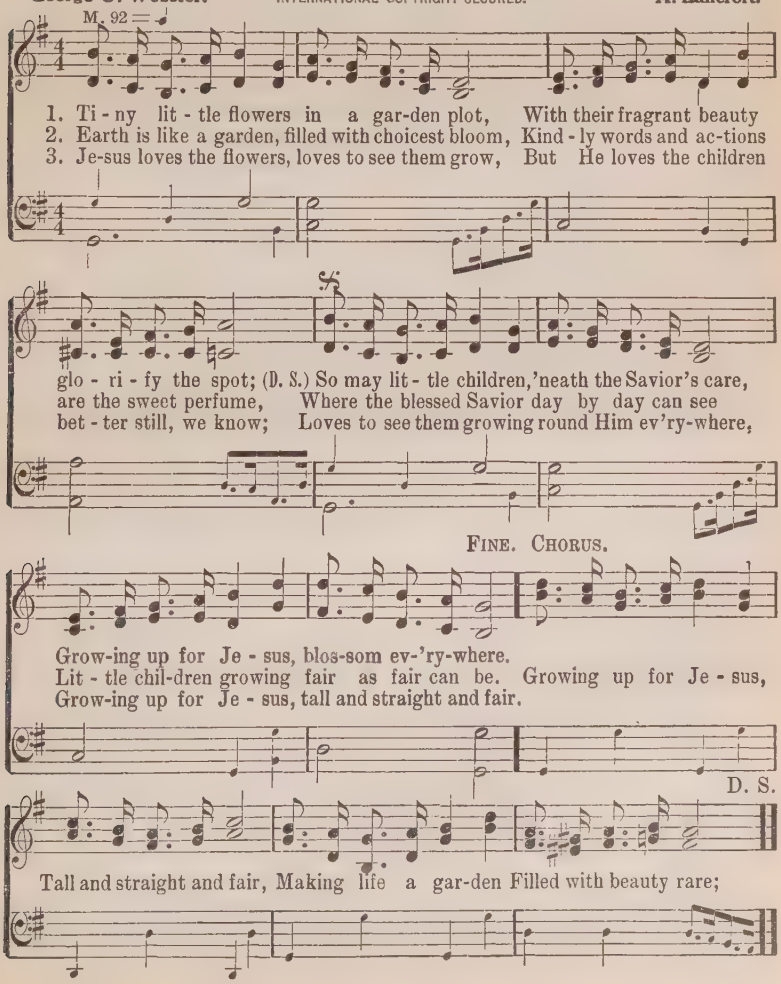
George O. Webster. A. Bancroft.



Spelling Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, IN "PEACE ON EARTH."

Lucia B. Cook. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When love is spelt with let - ters, It is not hard to spell, But let us try to write it, In lov - ing deeds as well; When called to do an er-rand, Be sure you don't de - mur; For when you mind your moth - er, You're spelling love to her.

2. If kind to all your class-mates, O - be - di'nt to the rule, If stu - di - ous and tho't-ful, You're spelling love at school; When teach-ers says, "Be qui-et," Be sure you do not stir; For when we please the teach - er, We're spelling love to her.

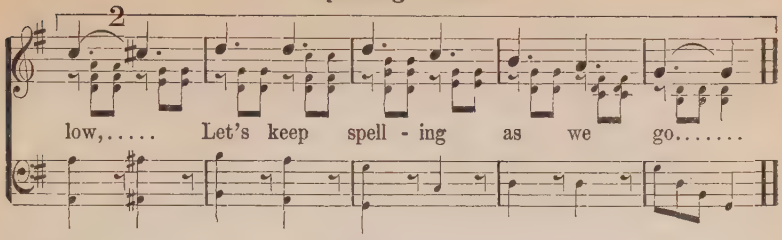
3. Each lit - tle deed of kind-ness, That we may strive to do, Is spell-ing love for oth-ers, And love for Je - sus too; I hope, if ho - ly an - gels Look on us from a - bove, In bright and shin - ing let - ters, They'll find us spell-ing love."

CHORUS.

{ L - O - V - E That spells
{ Sweet-est word on earth be-

1. love, Sweet - est word in heav'n a - bove,

Spelling Love.



197 Even the Waifs of the Street.

J. A. Fraser, Jr. Fred Weldon, Arr.

M. 56 — ♩.

1. Je - sus loves chil-dren, the bi - ble says so; He will be with them where
2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren, to come un - to me," These words He spoke be - side
3. Rag-ged, and tat-tered, and hun-gry, the waif May to the Sav - ior re -

ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the dark-ness of night,
blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly His sweet mes-sage greets,
pair and be safe; He once was hun-gry and friend-less, and poor,

CHORUS.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.
Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street. Shout the glad news to
That's why He pit - ies the waifs at the door.

each one you meet; Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street!

Song To the Flag.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Ban - ner bright, with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age;
3. Star - gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber

Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free;
Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure;
What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

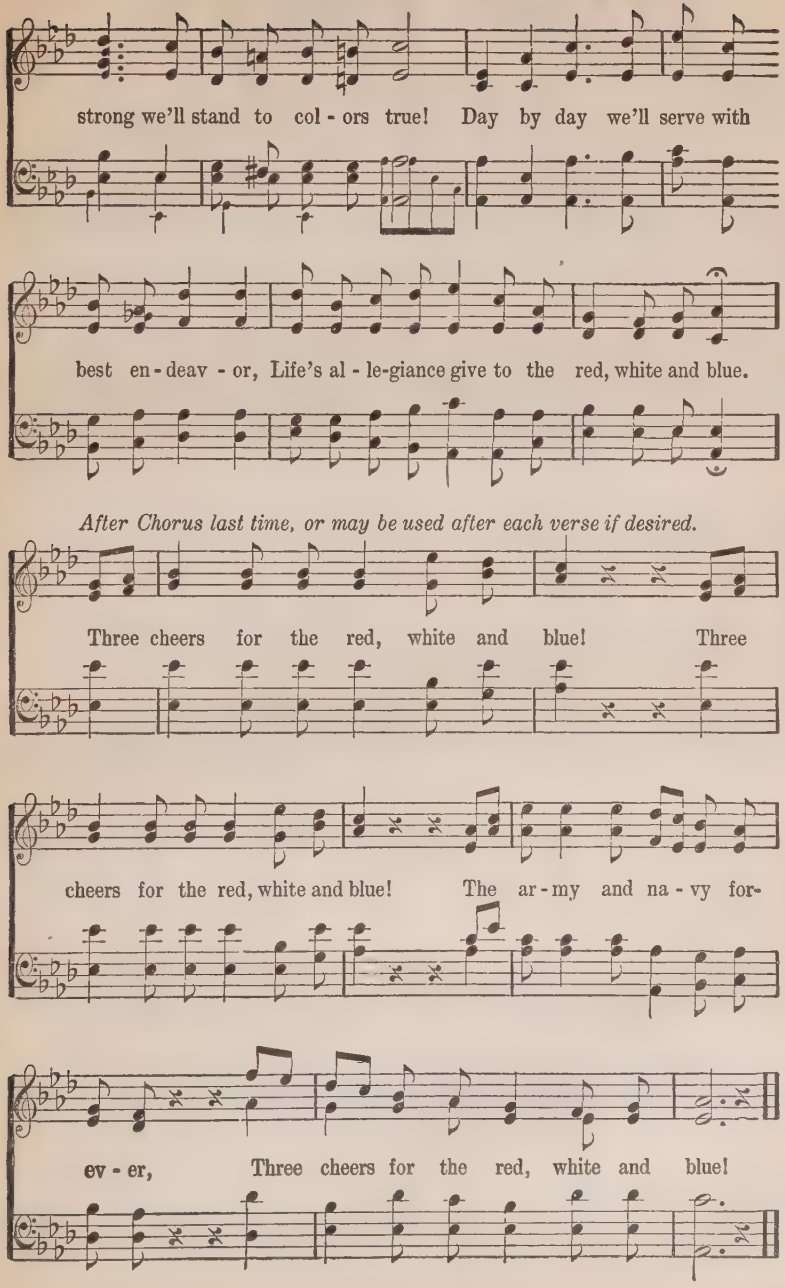
Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us,
Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed,
May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,

Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
So we'll wear our col - ors while time shall en - dure:
May we show thee hon - or, de - vo - tion and praise.

CHORUS.

Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner: Staunch and

Song To the Flag.



Male Voices.

199 Shall I Crucify Him?

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Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Arr. by I. H. M.
Grant Colfax Tullar.

M. 85 = ♩

1. Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior, When for me He bore such loss?
2. Are temp-ta-tions so al - lur - ing? Do earth pleasures so en - thrall
3. 'Twas my sins that cru - ci - fied Him—Shall they cru - ci - fy Him yet?
4. Oh, the kind-ly hands of Je - sus, Pour - ing bless-ings on all men!

Shall I put to shame my Sav - ior? Can I nail Him to the cross?
That I can-not love my Sav - ior Well e-nough to leave them all?
Black-est day of name-less an - guish, Can my thankless soul for - get?
Bleed-ing, nail-scarred hands of Je - sus! Can I nail them once a - gain?

CHORUS.

p *rit. pp*

Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior? Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain?

Once! oh, once! I cru - ci - fied Him! Shall I cru - ci - fy a - gain?

200 There is Glory in My Soul.*

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Grace Wiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 72 = ♩

1. Since I lost my sins and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en-tered Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touched and healed me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n-ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo - ry in my soul!

rit. *tempo.*

Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

rit.

glo-ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry in my soul.
glo-ry in my soul.

*Melody in 2nd Tenor should be prominent. May be sung as a Duet by Tenors.

201 A Sinner Made Whole.

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W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 104 = ♩

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrill-ing my soul,
image, conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro'a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

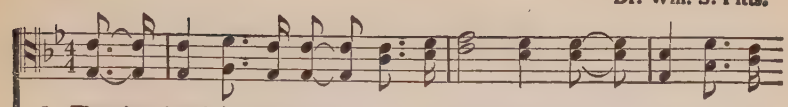
rit.

sin-ner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is

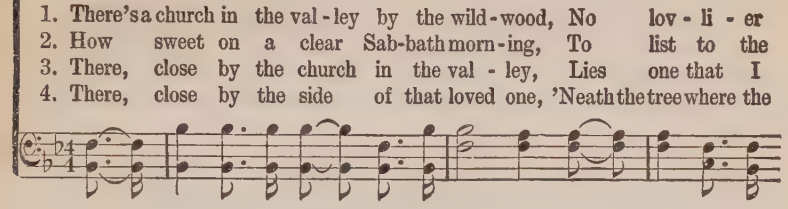
sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing, For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

202 The Church in the Wildwood.

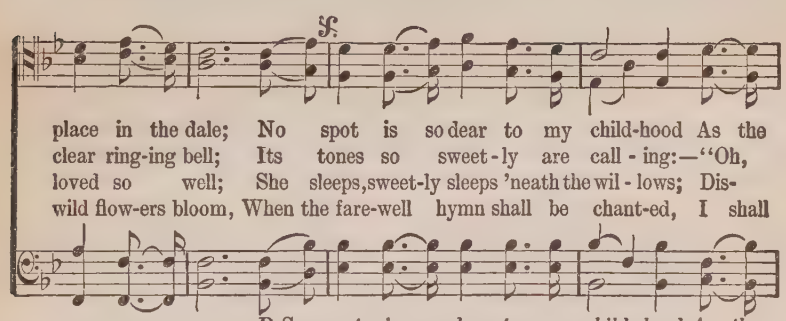
W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

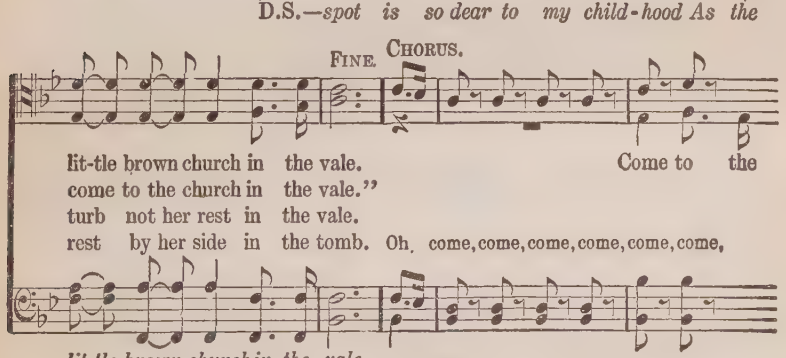


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing:—"Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil - lows; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall



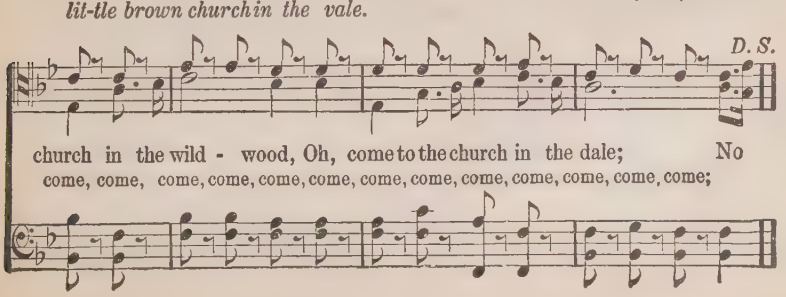
D.S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.



lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale."
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.



D. S.

church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

203 Speed Away.

Nathaniel Norton. I. B. Woodbury. Arr.

M. 54 = 𝅗𝅥.

1. "Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of light," Sweet
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of love, Go
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way, let the shout peal a - long, Tri-

mes - sage of Christ, in thy ra - di - ant flight; The earth lies in
speak to the mourn-ers of mansions a - bove; To the doubt-ing bring
um-phant in faith, and me - lo - dious in song; Go, her - alds of

dark - ness, the deep shad-ows fall On sad hearts and homes. Oh,
peace, to the wea - ry, sweet rest; To the home-less a glimpse of the
Je - sus! the mes - sage pro-claim: Christ liv - eth and reign-eth, go

speed at our call, Pierce the gath-er - ing clouds with thy lu - mi - nous
home of the blest; Let an - gels and men thy glad won-ders por-
forth in His name; "Up! on - ward! let noth - ing your mis-sion de-

ray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
tray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
lay:" Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!

My Guiding Star.

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Rev. Chas. W. Collinge. B. D. Ackley.

2ND TENOR. M. 80 = ♩ ALL PARTS.

1. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to night, And oh, the light!
2. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to day, To light the way,
3. And when at last the eve - ning time shall spread A - bout my bed,

2ND TENOR.

And oh, the light! Once deep - est dark - ness veiled the way I went,
To light the way, For when the world so fills my wea - ry eyes,
A - bout my bed; When murmured low the part - ings, and the heart

ALL PARTS. 2ND TENOR.

My Star was sent, My Star was sent; And now, e'en in the gloam-ing
And His dear skies, And His dear skies So far a - way, sweet Star, I
For - gets its part, For-gets its part; Then, out the dawn-ing new, be-

ALL PARTS.

as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow; And now, e'en in the
need Thy ray To light my day, To light my day; So far a-way, sweet
yond, a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star; Then, out the dawning

gloam-ing as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow.
Star, I need Thy ray To light my day, To light my day.
new, be - yond, a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star.

205

My Anchor Holds.

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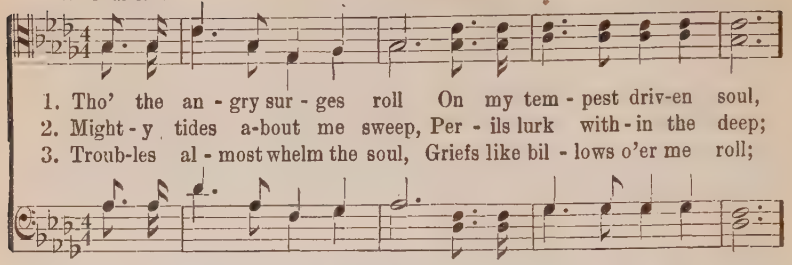
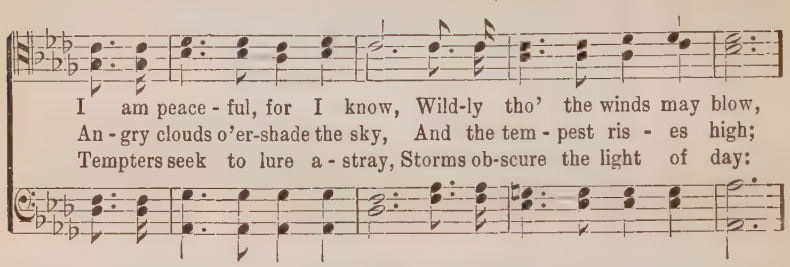
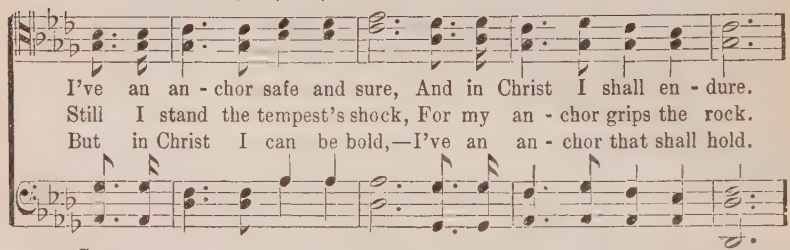


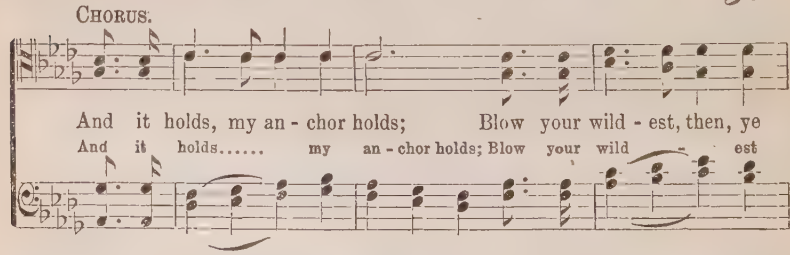
1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv-en soul,
2. Might - y tides a-bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;



I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day:

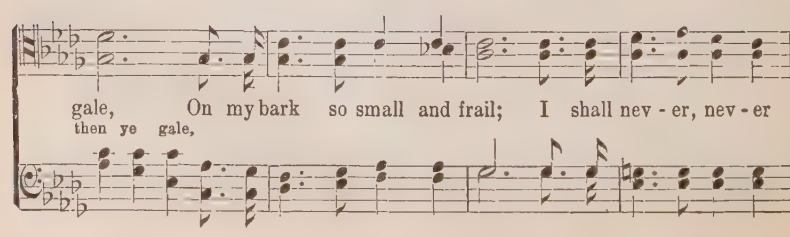


I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold.



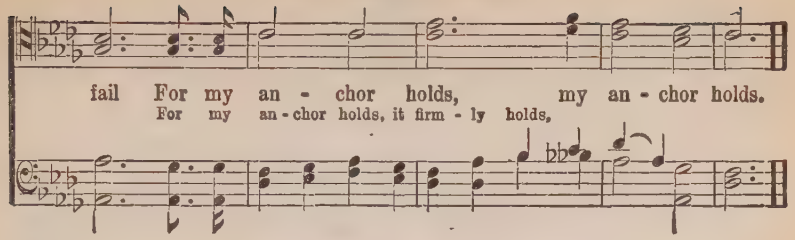
CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est



gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then ye gale,

My Anchor Holds.



206 Just Outside the Door.

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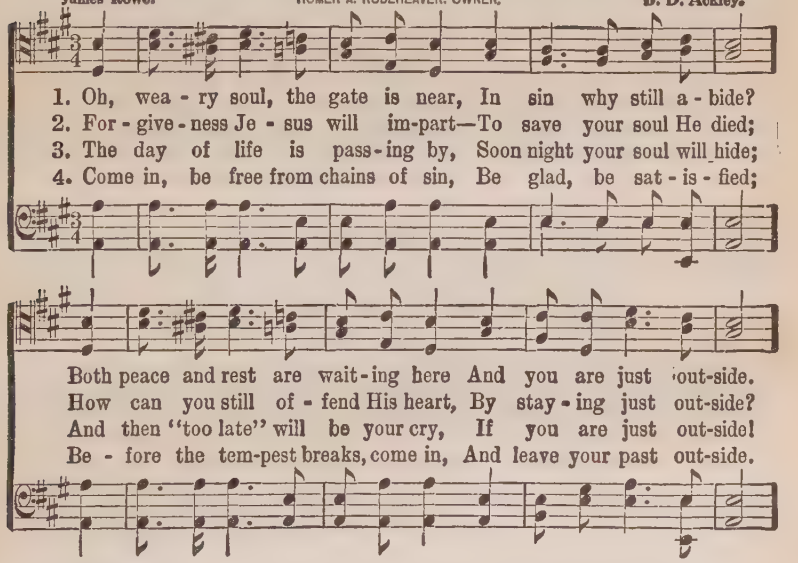
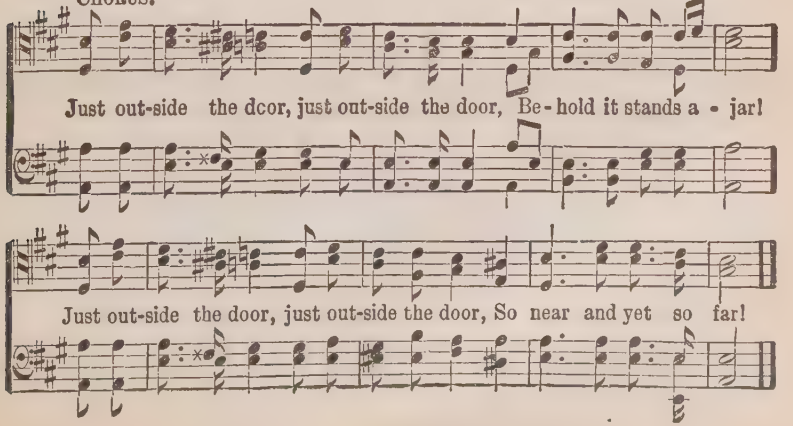


CHORUS.



Chorus Selections

207 The House That Stood the Storm.

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J. B. Herbert.

"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er
D.C.–"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er

hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them not, and
hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them well, and

do-eth them not, shall be lik-ened un - to a foolish man, which built his
do-eth them well, shall be lik-ened un - to a wise man, which built his

FINE. 3 *f*

house up - on the sand." "And the rains de-scend - ed, and the
house up - on a rock."

The House That Stood the Storm.

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

beat, and beat up-on that house, and beat up-on that house, And it

1 *slower.* 3 *very deliberately.* *D. C.*

fell!.. it fell!.. and.. great was the fall there-of."

2

fell not! And it fell not! for it was found-ed up-on a

ff *slower.* *ff*

rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock!.....

up-on a rock!

rock!.....

208 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

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M. 69 = ♩.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—O wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

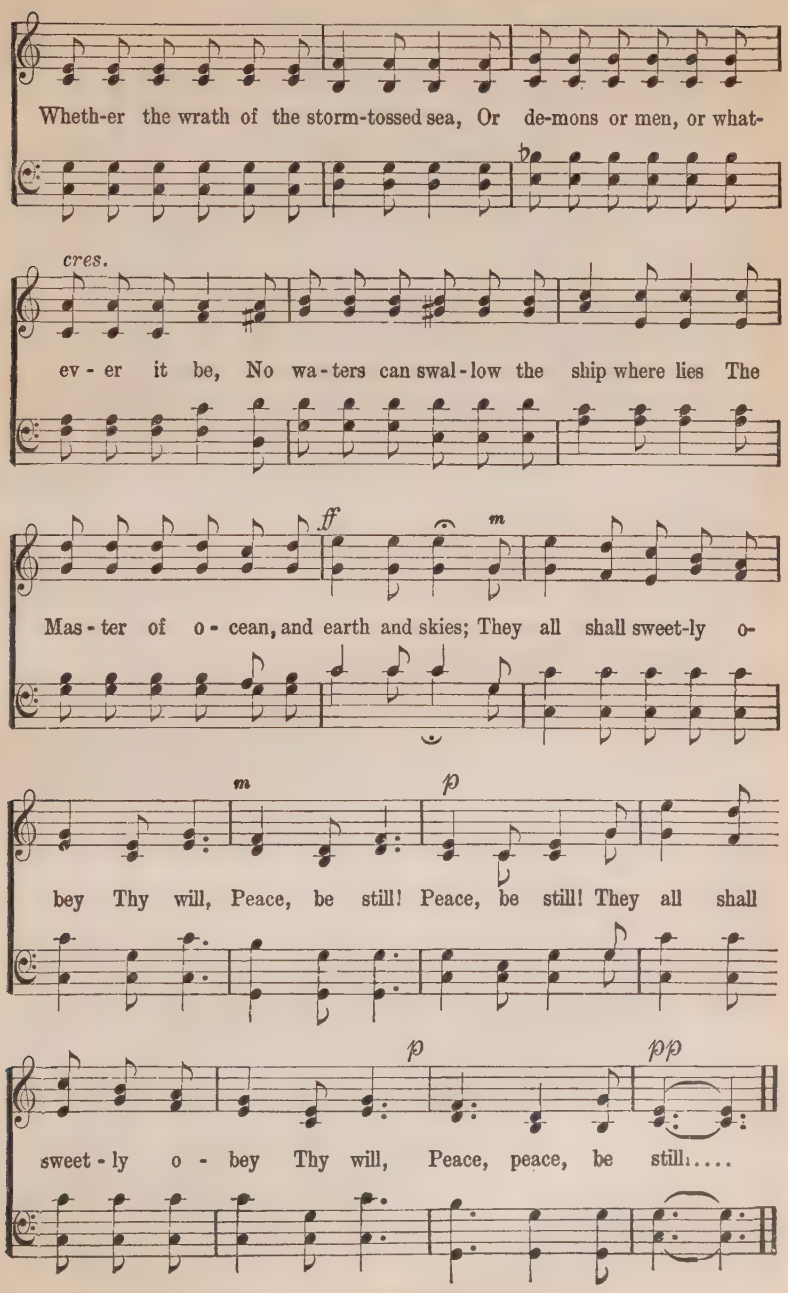
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more,

When each mo-ment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter, O has-ten and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS. *p* *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace,.... be still!.....
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.



209 The Day of Need.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

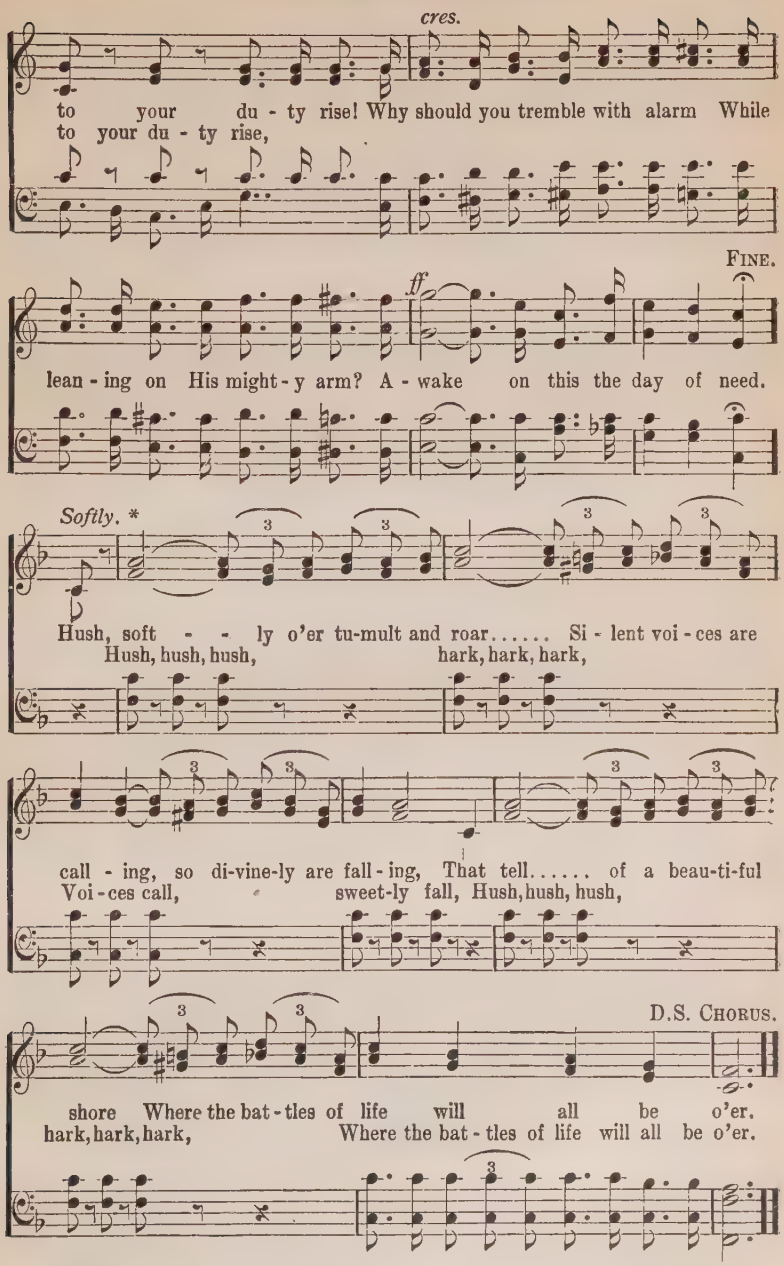
M. 88 = ♩

1. For loy - al - ty to Je - sus is the cry to-day, For lo! the hosts of sin are on the way! To oc - cu - py the field they march in proud ar - ray,
2. The ban - ner of the cross must lift - ed high - er be; The world from sin and Sa - tan must be free; Oh, Christian, lift your drowsy eyes, the dan-ger see,
3. Oh, Christian, rouse from slumber and your vows re-new; The cause of God is call-ing, call-ing you! Go forth as He commanded—to your vows be true,

CHORUS.

A - wake on this the day of need. In loy - al - ty to God a - wake, a - wake, a - rise! Put on the ar - mor of the King; He from de - feat can vic - t'ry bring; In faith a - bid - ing brave - ly
A - wake on this the day of need. God a - wake, a - rise!
A - wake on this the day of need. In loy - al - ty to In faith a - bid - ing

The Day of Need.



*These 8 measures may be repeated, the Tenor and Bass sing the Duet, with Soprano and Alto singing the Tenor and Bass parts an octave higher than written.

Crown Him King of Kings.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Rexford. DeLoss Smith.

M. 63 = 𝅗𝅥.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,

Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,

Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

211 Crown Him Lord of All.

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Jennie Ree.

Ernest E. Reid.
and Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 ♩=

1. The King of all the earth is He, Who rules and reigns in maj - es - ty;
2. He built the heav'n, He spread the skies, And bade the glow - ing sun a - rise;

Let all the na - tions of the earth Bow down and own His roy - al worth.
The countless worlds He hurled to space, And rules and guides them by His grace.

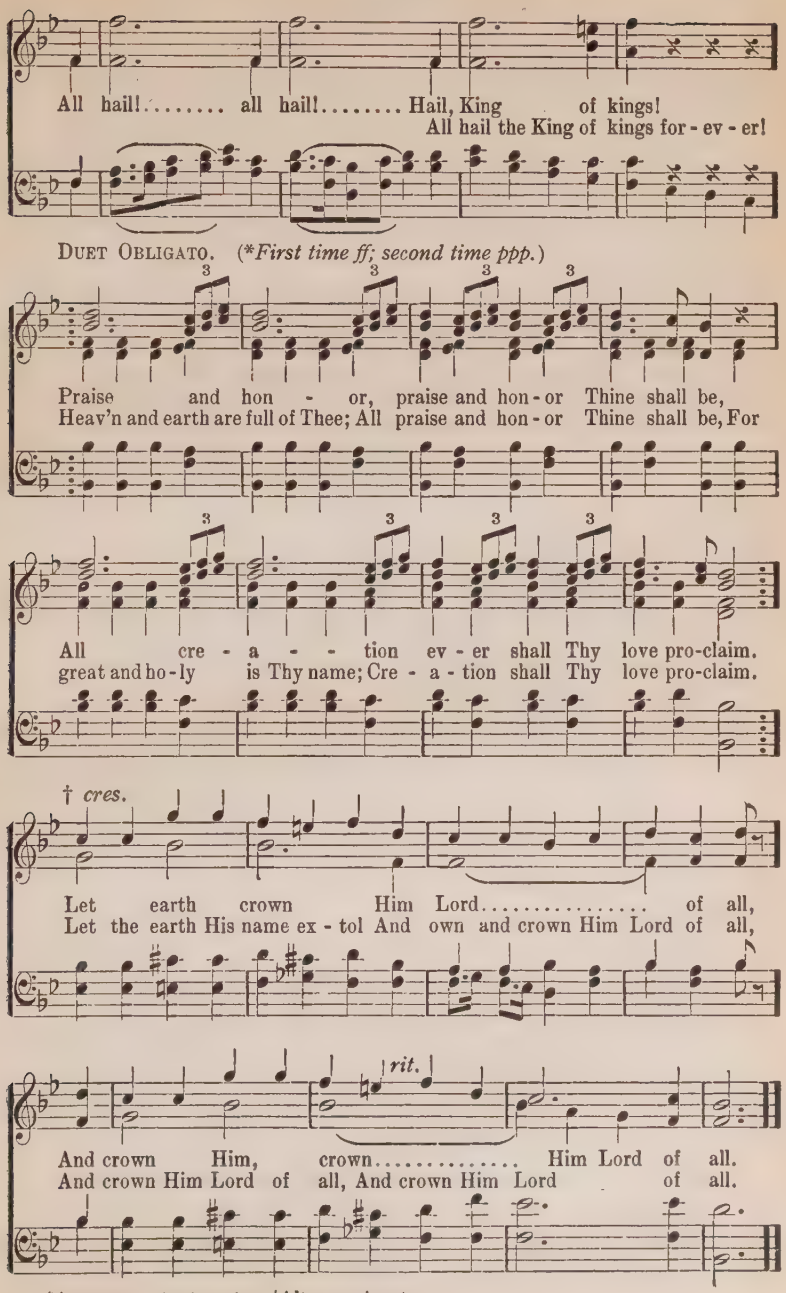
Let all..... the earth proclaim, And glo - ri - fy His name;
Let hill..... and val - ley sing The glo - ry of their King;

Let all the earth..... proclaim, And glo-ri-fy..... His name;
Let hill and val - - - - ley sing The glo-ry of..... their King;

Let songs of ex - ul - ta - tion ring While heav'n and earth a-noint Him King;
Let rock and mountain, vale and plain U - nit - ed, lift their glad re - frain

Let songs of ex - ul - ta - tion ring, While heav'n and earth a - noint Him King.
To Him who was, and is to - day, A King whose throne shall not de - cay.

Crown Him Lord of All.



*Accomp. parts staccato. †Alto prominent.

My Song.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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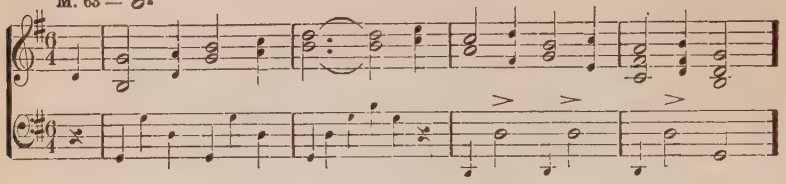
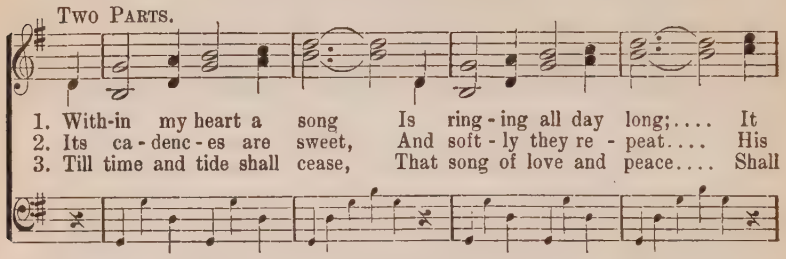
Chas. H. Gabriel.

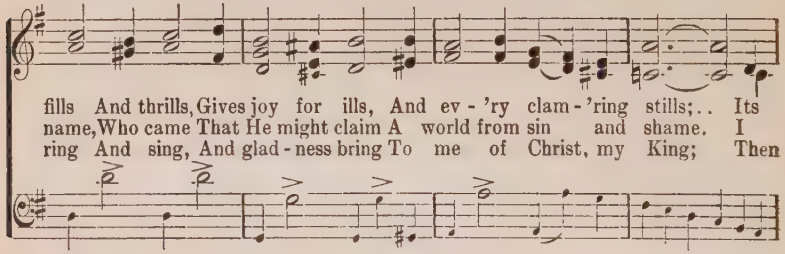
M. 63 = ♩.



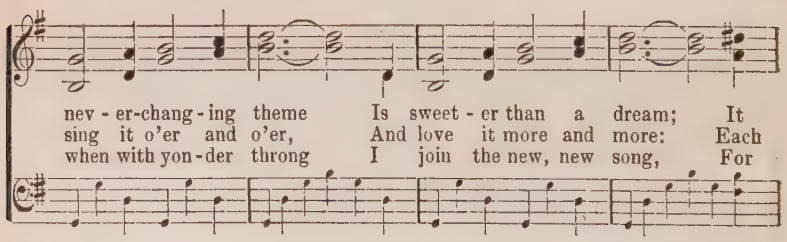
TWO PARTS.



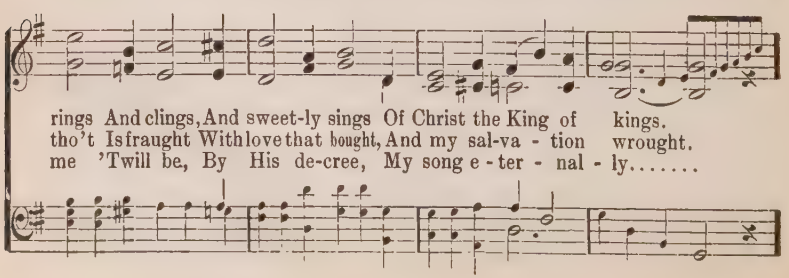
1. With-in my heart a song Is ring-ing all day long;.... It
2. Its ca-denc-es are sweet, And soft-ly they re-peat.... His
3. Till time and tide shall cease, That song of love and peace.... Shall



fills And thrills, Gives joy for ills, And ev-'ry clam-'ring stills;.. Its
name, Who came That He might claim A world from sin and shame. I
ring And sing, And glad-ness bring To me of Christ, my King; Then



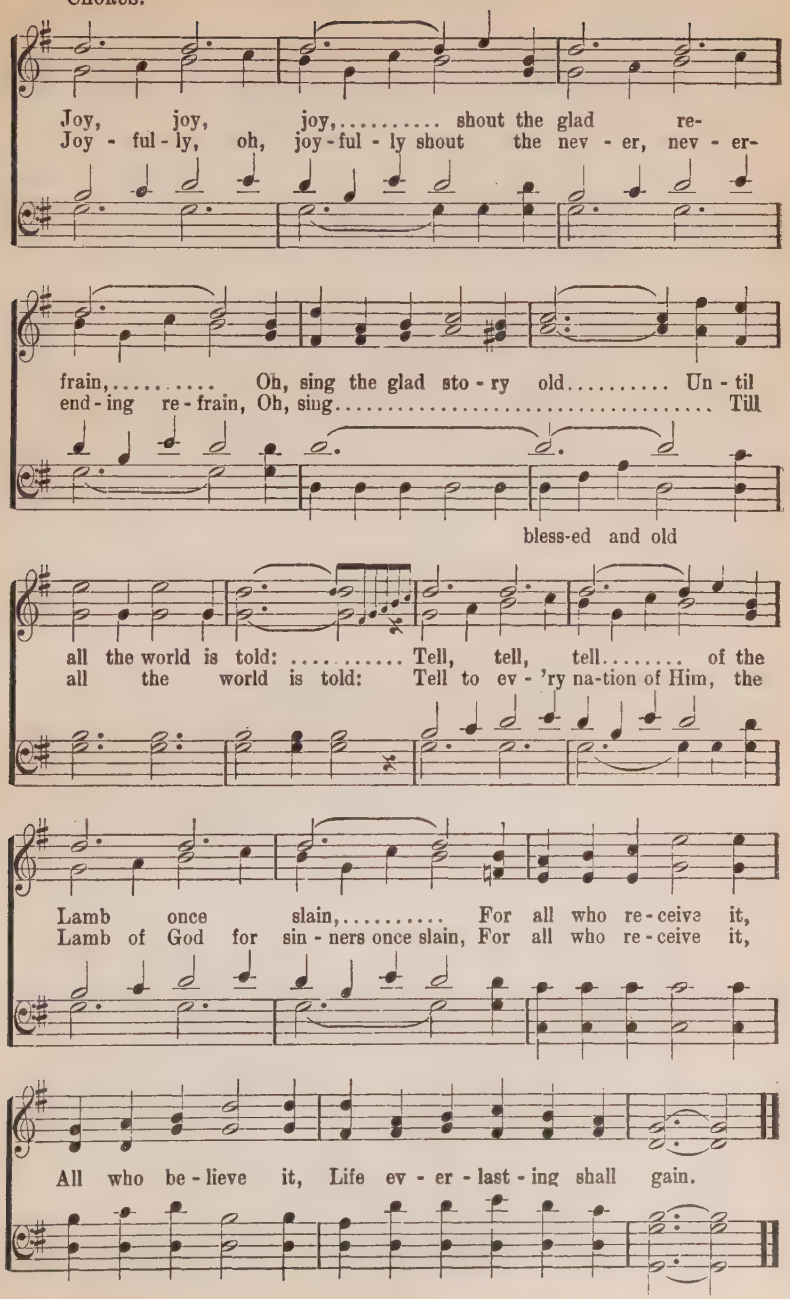
nev-er-chang-ing theme Is sweet-er than a dream; It
sing it o'er and o'er, And love it more and more: Each
when with yon-der throng I join the new, new song, For



rings And clings, And sweet-ly sings Of Christ the King of kings.
tho't Is fraught With love that bought, And my sal-va-tion wrought.
me 'Twill be, By His de-cree, My song e-ter-nal-ly.....

My Song.

CHORUS.



Awakening Chorus.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 76 = ♩

1. A- wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! a-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

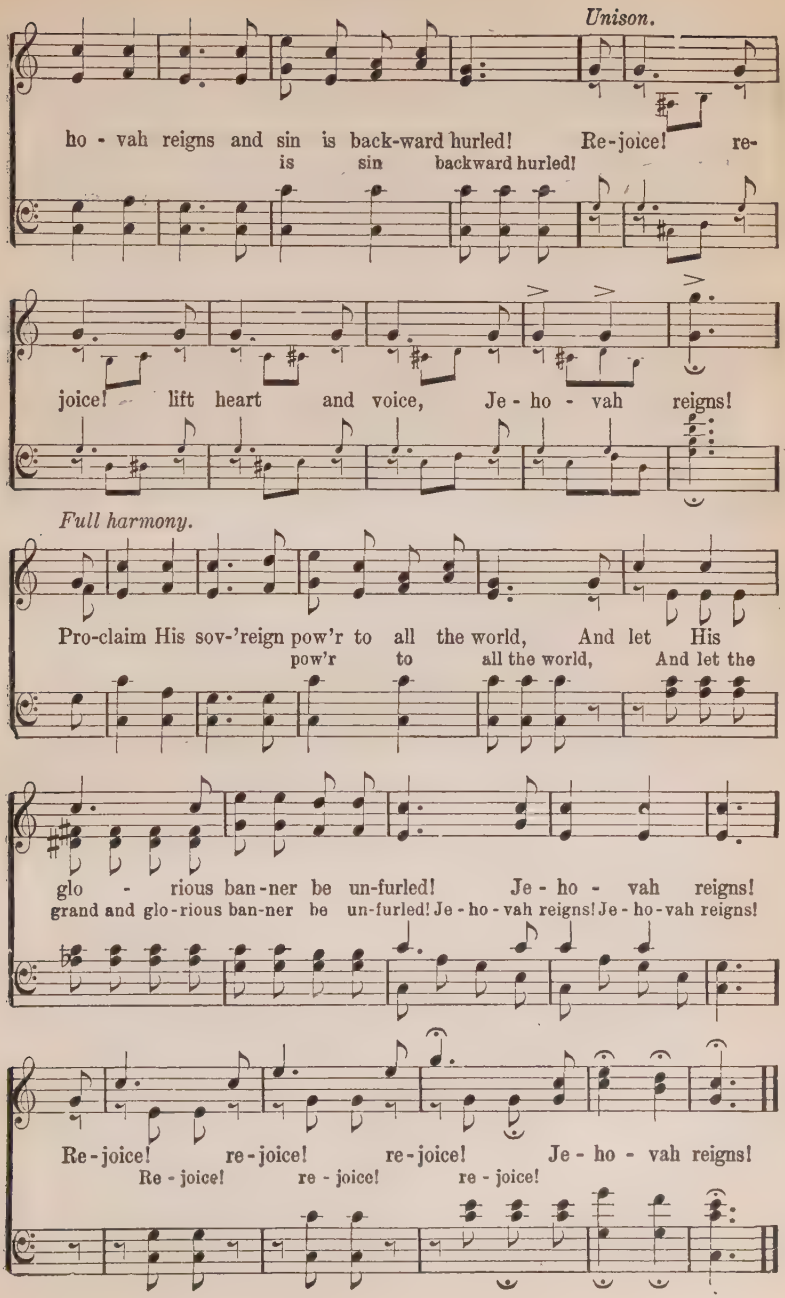
Male voices in Unison.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full harmony.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.



Crown Him!

C. H. G.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let men and an - gels loud pro-claim
2. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! To seek and save the lost He came
3. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Mine, mine shall be the tears of shame

rit.

The won-ders of His works and ways, And raise to Him un - end - ing praise;
To earth a Stranger, and un-known, A ran - som for His lov'd, His own;
That such a Sav - ior was de - nied, Was scourged, condemned and cru-ci - fied;

He built the heav'ns, the stars He made; By Him was earth's foun-da-tion laid;
He came to break the bonds of sin, Our souls from Sa-tan's pow'r to win;
Yet, bless-ed news—He lives a-gain! The pow'rs of dark-ness were in vain!

Be - fore Him let all na-tions fall, And crown Him Lord of all; And
He speaks—O hear His right-eous call, And crown Him Lord of all; And
Let all the earth His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all; And

crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!
Lord of all, Lord of all, Crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!.....
Lord of all, Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

CHORUS.

Crown Him! crown Him! Hon-or, love and mer-cy
Won-der-ful is He! wis-dom, pow'r and ma-jes-ty, Hon-or, love, and
Won-der-ful! maj-jes-ty!

1

un-to Him be-long; Crown Him!
mer-cy a-lone to Him be-long; All earth shall yet be-fore Him fall, Ev-'ry
Won-der-ful!

Crown Him! Praise Him with a glad tri-umph-ant song,
na-tion shall ex-tol Him in praise with glad tri-umph-ant song, For
ma-jes-ty!

2

Crown Him! Crown Him! Shall crown Him Lord of all!
Lord of all, shall crown Him Lord of all!

Cry Aloud.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = ♩

f

1. Cry a - loud in joy - ful ad - o - ra - tion, Men of earth in high or
2. Cry a - loud His maj - es - ty and glo - ry; Tell a - gain the ev - er

low - ly sta - tion! Low bow-ing be - fore Him, Praise, laud and a - dore Him,
bless - ed sto - ry! Go in - to the high-ways, Go in - to the by - ways,

mf

Great Au-thor of life and of sal - va - tion. He came our bur - den of
Go, know-ing that He go - eth be - fore you! To ev - 'ry crea - ture His

sin to share, A crown of thorns on the cross to wear. Let ev - 'ry crea-ture
name make known, Whose saving grace can for sin a - tone; Re-deem-er, Sav-ior,

sing In hon - or of the King, And to the world His name de - clare.
King, Let all the peo - ple sing, For He is God, and He a - lone.

Cry Aloud.

Softly.

Though.. re-ject-ed and de-nied, Per - - se-cu-ted, cru-ci-fied,
Tho' re-ject-ed and de-nied, Tho' per-se-cu-ted, cru-ci-fied, A

cres. *ff*

He.....from out the grave a-rose In tri-umph o'er His foes!
vic-tor He from out the grave a-rose In tri-umph o'er His foes! Who then shall

f

Who..... shall then de-ny..... His name, or who.....
dare His name de-ny,..... Who His name de-ny, Who His pow'r de-

1

.....His pow'r de-fy?..... Be-fore Him we a-dor-ing fall, And
fy,..... Who His pow'r de-fy?

rit. *ff* *mf dim.* 2

crown Him Lord of all. Behold Him! dor-ing fall, And crown Him Lord of all.

From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.

Solo Obligato.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-

sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.

faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat!

Invitation Hymns

217 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. L. GILMOUR. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

M. 66 = ♩.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu-ri-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions for rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

CHORUS.

1-3. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now re-ject Him no more, Just now,
4. Just now your doubtings are o'er, Just now, re-ject-ing no more, Just now,

throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
I o-pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

Why Not Say Yes To-night?

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Effie Wells Loucks. Louis D. Eichhorn.

DUET, or all SOPS. and ALTOS. M.58 = ♩.

1. Oh, why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to - night? He's ten - der - ly plead - ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart For par - don so full and so free. (so free.)
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al - ways plead, Oh, do not re - ject Him to - night; To - mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death, Un-bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. (heav'nly light.)
3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide, And safe - ly keep you in His way. (His way.)

CHORUS.

Why not say Yes to - uight,..... Why not, why not?
Why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes, say Yes,
Why not say Yes, why not to-night?

While He so gen-tly, so ten-der-ly pleads, Oh, ac-cept Him to-night.....
ac-cept Him to - night.

Come Just Now!

Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 60 = ♩.

1. God of - fers now His great sal - va - tion, Come just now!
2. Do not de - lay a mo - ment lon-ger, Come just now!
3. Why thus de - fer with - out a rea - son? Come just now!
4. Why hes - i - tate to make de - ci - sion? Come just now!
5. Your soul is in the bal - ance ly - ing, Come just now!

O hear His gra - cious in - vi - ta - tion, Come just now!
Nor lin - ger till de - sire be strong-er, Come just now!
There will be no "con - ven - ient sea-son," Come just now!
Why fear a dy - ing world's de - ri - sion? Come just now!
The hours of des - ti - ny are fly - ing, Come just now!

CHORUS.

Now, just now!..... He waits to bless and save;.....
Now, just now, He calls you now! just now;

It was for you His life He gave, Come just now!

I Am Coming Home.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

M. 88 = ♩

1. Je - sus I am com-ing home to-day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. O the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will

Thee a-lone; From the path of sin I turn a-way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
still a-tone, Flow-ing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I am com-ing home to-day, Nev - er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;

Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. M. 100 = ♩

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J. A. LEE, OWNER.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may op- - pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav-'nly way. I will hast-en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

Now Is the Accepted Time.

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Eliza D. Hand. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 58 = ♩.

1. O why will you lon - ger your choice de - lay? The Sav - ior is wait-ing for you; Then come to Him now, and re - pent - ing, say: Lord,
2. O come while He calls you, just as you are; While mer - cy is of - fered to all; Re - turn, tho' in sin you have wan-dered far; O
3. O why will you doubt Him, re - fuse His love, Why grieve Him by turn - ing a - way? He's plead - ing with you from the throne a - bove. O
4. He knocks at the door of your tremb-ling heart, O will you not let Him come in? Un - bar it, or He may ere long de - part, And what wilt Thou have me to do?

CHORUS.

hear, and at - tend to His call. Now, just now is the time, Now, just
come, then, while yet it is day.
leave you all hope-less in sin.

now is the time; Now is the day of sal - va - tion, Come, come just now.

Jesus is Calling.

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Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.

M. 63 = ♩.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in:

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in:

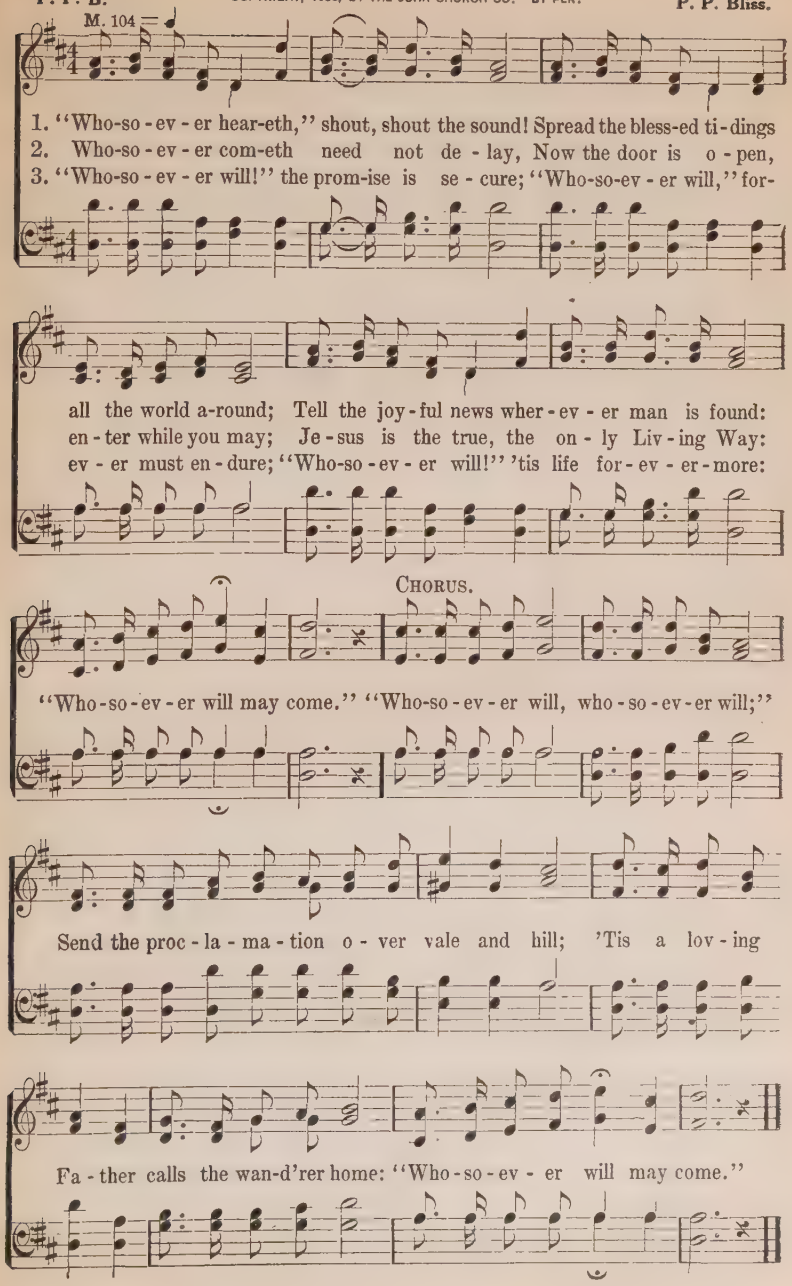
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav-ior in. Let the Sav-ior in.

"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. BY PER. P. P. Bliss.



226 Come to the Savior.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Come to the Sav - ior, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand - ing to - day,
2. "Suf - fer the chil-dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly make Him our choice;
3. Think once a - gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest com- mands, and o - bey; Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say,

D. S.—*And we shall gath - er, Sav - ior, with Thee,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
Do not de - lay, but come. Joy - ful, joy - ful
"Will you, My chil - dren, come?"

In our e - ter - nal home.

D. S.

will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

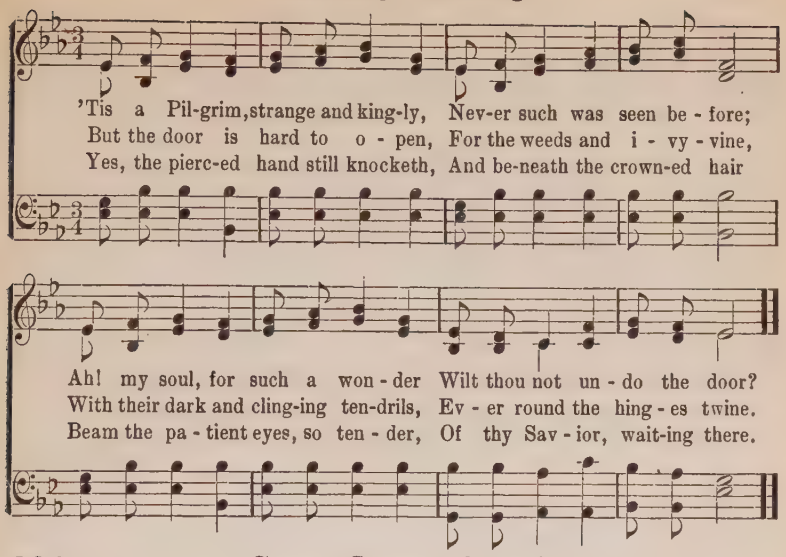
227 Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root.

M. 92 = ♩

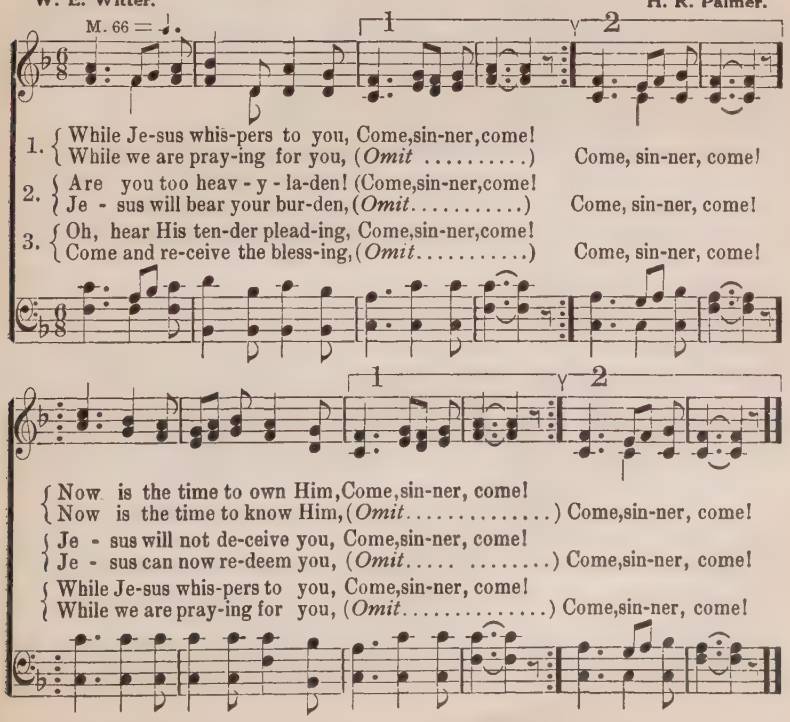
1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking,–what! still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

Knocking, Knocking.



228 Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.



Coming To-Day.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY JOHN J. HOOD. Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 63 = ♩.

1. Out on the des - ert, seek - ing, seek - ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still He is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing; O what com - pas - sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer - cy, though slight-ed,

seek - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in His eye! Hear Him re - peat - ing, gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py;

REFRAIN.

Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to Me.
Come to thy Sav - ior, O why wilt thou die? Je - sus is call - ing,
Come ere the life - star for - ev - er shall set.

Je - sus is call - ing; Why dost thou lin - ger? why tar - ry a - way?

Come to Him quick-ly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

He is Knocking.

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E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

M. 84 = ♩

1. He is knock-ing, soft-ly knocking at the door; Let Him in,.....
2. He is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing to you now; Let Him in,.....
3. He is wait-ing, kind-ly wait-ing still for you; Let Him in,.....

O let Him in,

O let Him in; He will bring you rich-est blessing ev-er-more;
O let Him in; See the plead-ing dews of mer-cy on His brow;
O let Him in; Give Him welcome, joyful welcome, warm and true;

O let Him in;

CHORUS.

Let Him in,..... O let Him in! Knock-ing, knock-ing!
O let Him in, O let Him in!

O-pen wide the door, Let Him in to-day, Ask Him in to stay;
O let Him in, Ask Him in, He's

Knocking, knocking! life He will re-store, When you open wide the door.....
bolt-ed door.

231 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root

M. 108 = ♩

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
   { See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way, Wel - com-
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day; An - gels
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings, bear it far a - way, For a

D. C.—*'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal - ing*

FINE. CHORUS.

soul re - turn - ing from the wild; }
ing His wear - y, wan-d'ring child. }
wan-d'rer now is rec - on - ciled; }
born a - new, a ran-somed child. }
swell the glad tri - um-phant strain; }
pre - cious soul is born a - gain. }

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the

forth the an - them of the free.

D. C.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

232 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S J. H. Stockton.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the

Only Trust Him.

CHORUS.

give you rest by trusting in His word.
crimson flood that washes white as snow.

{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him,
{ He will save you, He will save you,

1 2

On-ly trust Him now; }
He will [*Omit* . . . . .] } save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

233 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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C. C. Case.

M. 96 = ♩.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

1 2

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

Softly and Tenderly.

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W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

M. 40 = ♩.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me,
Tho 'we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
Come home, come home,

rit.

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

Still Undecided.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ernest G. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 69 = ♩.

1. Still un-de-cid-ed, tho' close to life's gate, O why not now
2. Still un-de-cid-ed, why yet still de-lay? All things are now
3. Still un-de-cid-ed! for thee He was slain, And why should His
4. Still un-de-cid-ed! His voice sounds so clear: "Come all ye who
5. Still un-de-cid-ed! O wait not too long; O turn from the

en-ter, al-read-y 'tis late; Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for you;
read-y, Love shows you the way, Night fast approaches, the day pass-es by,
suf-f'ring for thee be in vain? Think of the scourging, the spear and the cross!
wea-ry who fal-ter and fear, Free-ly I par-don, and cleanse and receive!"
world and its wild, restless throng; Je-sus now calls you—once more doth He call-

CHORUS.

Chains He will sev-er— all things He can do.
Heed now His plead-ing:—"O why will you die?"
Life He would give you,—all else is but loss. Why not de-cide to-night?
Why not ac-cept Him and on Him be-lieve?
Come while He's wait-ing, and trust Him for all.

1

Why not de-cide to-night? Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for thee,

2

Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee; Call-ing, is call-ing now for thee.

236 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 84 = ♩

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

f. FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Com-ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

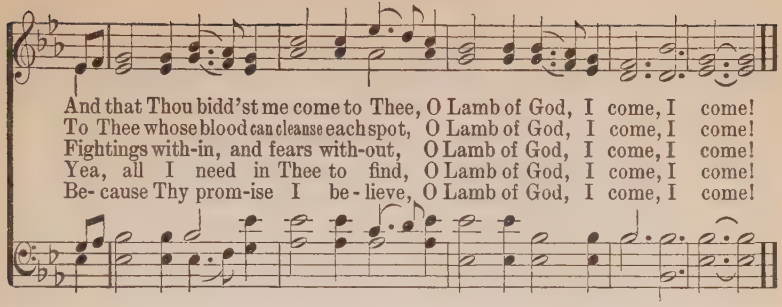
237 Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Just as I Am.



238 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. M. 152 = ♪

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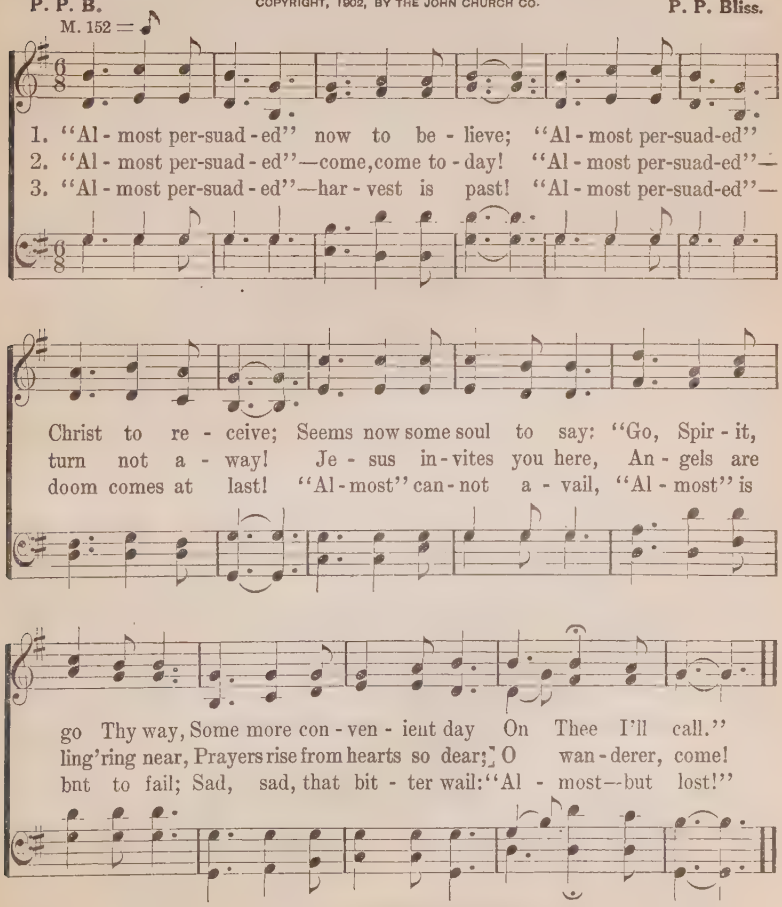
P. P. Bliss.



239 Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. Ingalls.

M. 92 = ♩ FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
   { Je - sus, read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
   { True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—*Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

240 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

M. 66 = ♩. FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz-ing Je - sus;
   { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }

2. { Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
   { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. S.—*Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

M 100 = ♩

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'T is all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

rolled a - way,

Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 90 = ♩

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the ti - dings all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

The Same Old Way.

W. T. M.

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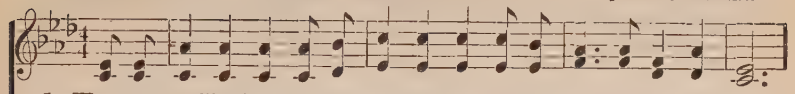
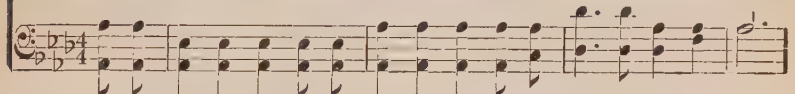
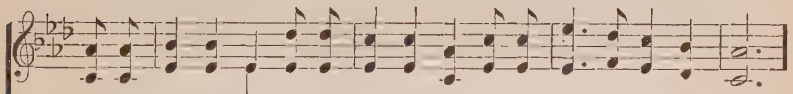
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

[Mrs. W. T. Morris.

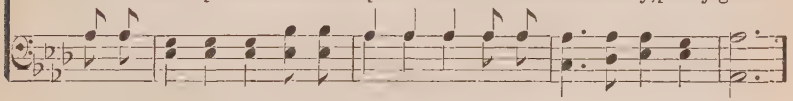


1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our father's trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will de - lay,
3. Ma - ny stop to look for a bet-ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 'tis straight;

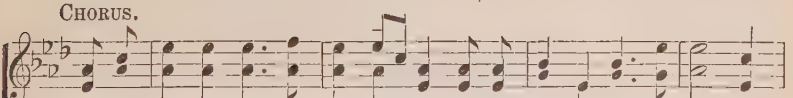




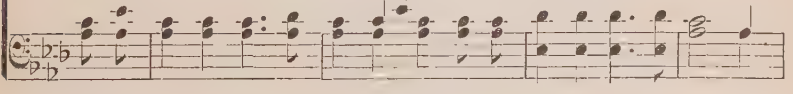
We will join them there in the land of day, And for - ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Say-ing, "Keep the nar-row way."
While the faith-ful few, by their stead-y tread En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up - hill we mount up-ward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.

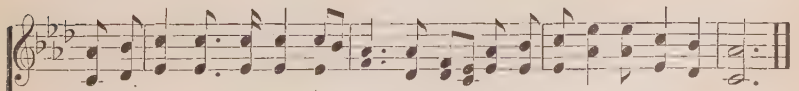


CHORUS.

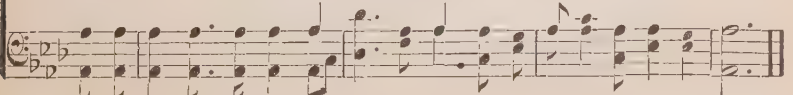


'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—





By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.



Devotional Hymns

244 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

M. 104 = ♩

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave;
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came;
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph-ant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry main,
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n, Thro' per-il, toil and pain;

Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low,—He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel, Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n, To fol - low in their train.

245 Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

M. 100 = ♩

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,

He de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree!
Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

246 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. Thomas A. Arne.

M. 66 = ♩

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

247 Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. William Caldwell.

M. 96 = ♩

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trou-ble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me: His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long: His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood: His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!

248 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

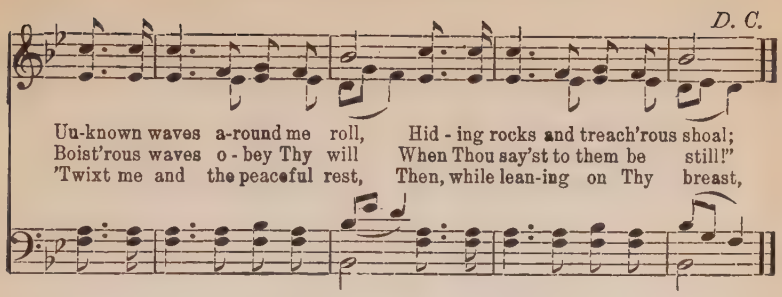
Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

M. 80 = ♩

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wide.
D. C.—Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar,
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

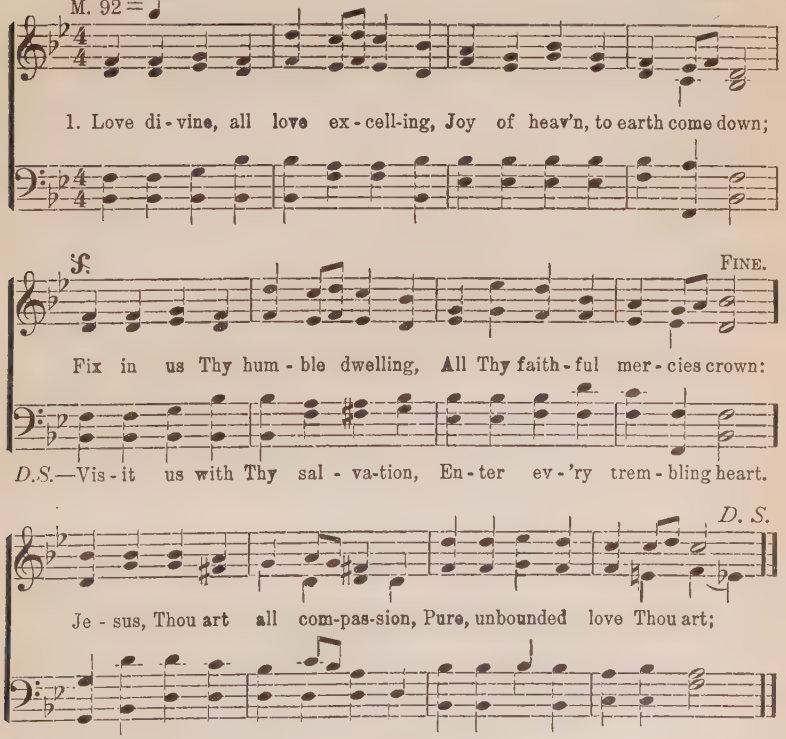
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.



249 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

M. 92 = ♩



2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

250 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar. Theodore E. Perkins.

M. 54 = ♩

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-iour's breast; Je - sus is mine;

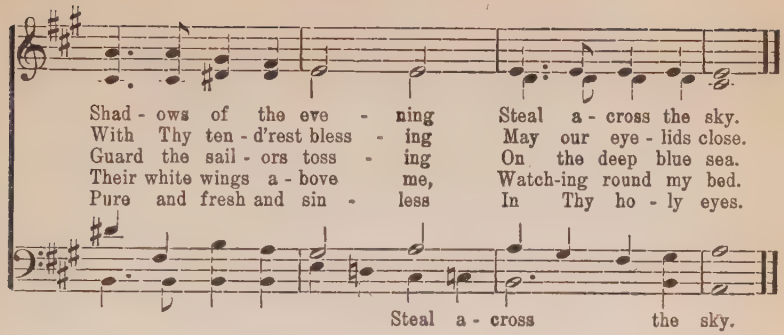
251 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread;
5. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise;

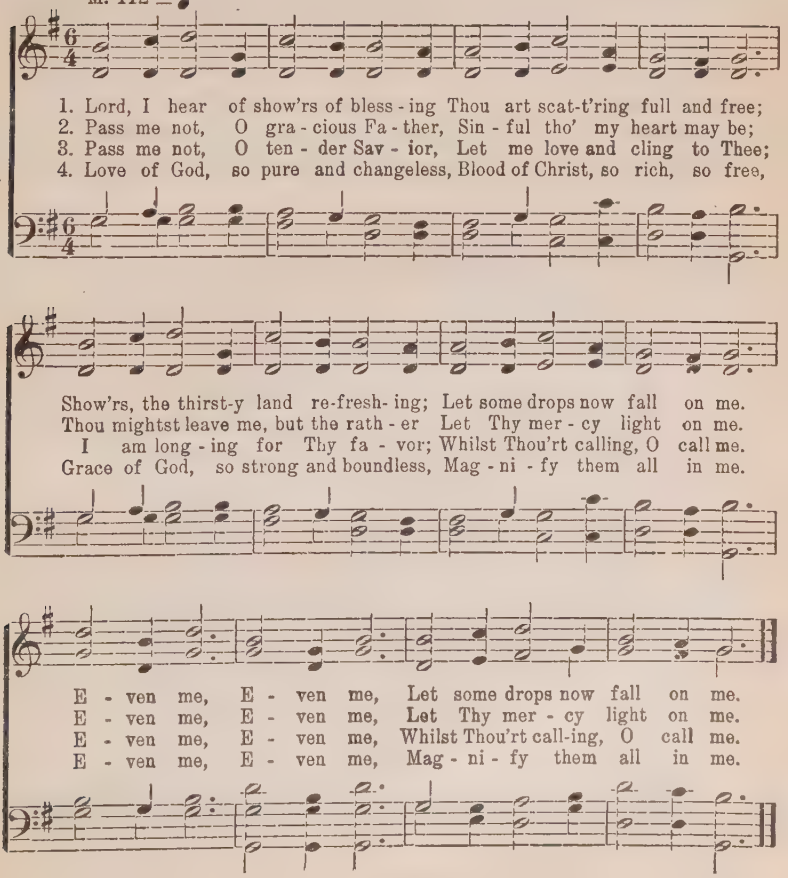
Now the Day Is Over.



252 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. **William B. Bradbury.**

M. 112 = ♩



253 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley. Handel.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos-sessed,

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re-ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.

254 Nearer, Still Nearer.

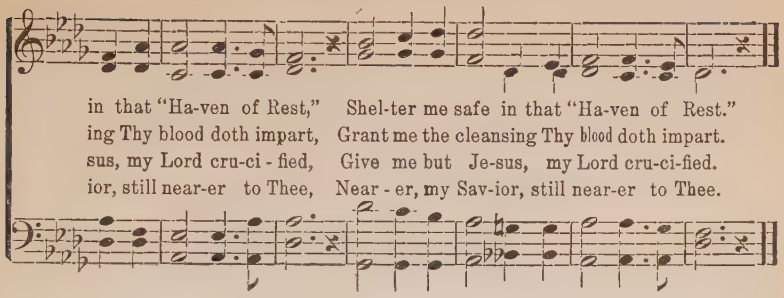
C. H. M. Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

M. 112 = ♩

1. Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so pre-
2. Nearer, still nearer, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to Je-
3. Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad-
4. Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my an-

cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe
sus, my King; Ou - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the cleans-
ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je-
chor is cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav-

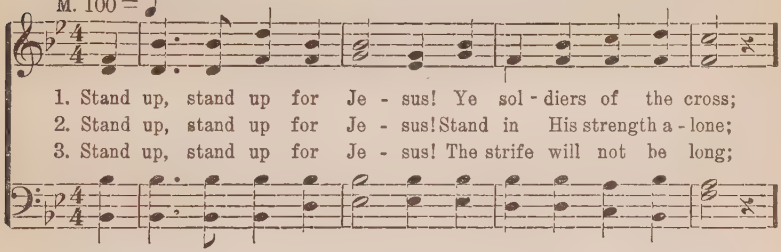
Nearer, Still Nearer.

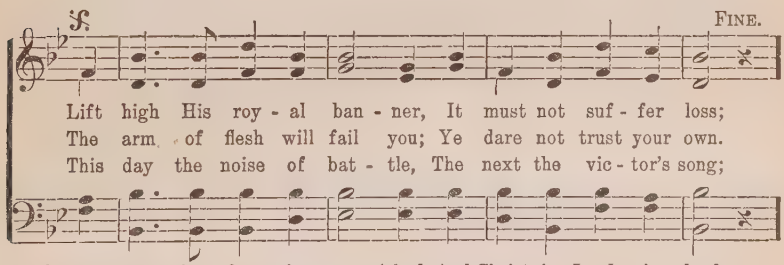


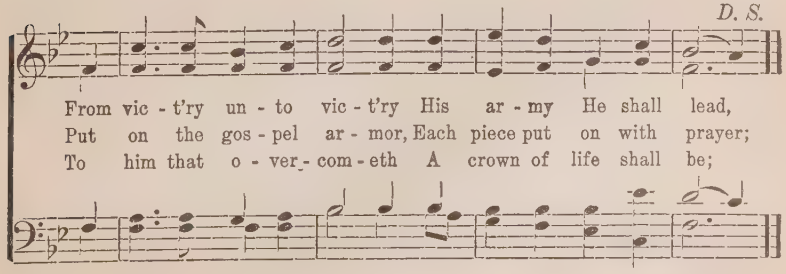
255 Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield, Jr. George J. Webb.

M. 100 = ♩







256 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

M. 106 = ♩

1. Come, ye dis - con-so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i-tent, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not cure.
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

257 Sweetly Resting.

Mary D. James. W. Warren Bently.

M. 76 = ♩

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly shel-tered I a - bide;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea-ry, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un-der-stand-ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me Till the storms of life are past;

Sweetly Resting.

There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel - ter O-pened in my Sav-ior's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fierc-est blast.

CHORUS.

Now I'm rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bless-ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

258 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. H. C. Zeuner.

M. 120 = ♩

1. Ye Christian heralds! go proclaim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in - spire;
3. And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

259 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. DIADEM. James Ellor.

M. 100 = ♩

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown.....Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown.....Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown.....

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown..... Him,

.... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

260 Coronation.

Edward Perronet. (Words on opposite page.) Oliver Holden.

M. 92 = ♩.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

261 Miles Lane.

Edward Perronet. (Words on opposite page.) William Shrubsole.

M. 100 = ♩

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the

roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

262 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

M. 96 = ♩

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gracious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus. 'tis now.

263 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

M. 50 = ♩. FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.

D. C. Whisp'ring soft-ly "Wan-d'rer, Come! Fol - low me, I'll guide Thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

264 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 126 = ♩

f

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. *D. S.*

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

265 Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. **William H. Jude.**

M. 66 = ♩

1. Je-sus calls us o'er the tul-mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

266 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

M. 72 = ♩

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Emblems of e - ter - nal rest. of e - ter-nal rest.
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. rest this day in Thee.
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near: May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast. ev - er - last-ing feast.
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above; join the church above.

267 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

M. 60 = ♩

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. } Hap-py
2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py

O Happy Day.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away. He taught me how to watch and

D. S.

pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day,

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

268 Joy To The World.

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

M. 88 = ♩

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -

And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

272 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Arr. by William H. Monk.

M. 120 = ♩

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near,
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear-ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till, in Thy love, I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

273 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

M. 76 = ♩

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save; And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
And oh, Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac - count to give.
As-sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

274 I Will Arise And Go To Jesus.

J. Hart. Old Tune.

M. 76 =

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Came, ye thirst - y, come and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
3. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

Cho.—I will arise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

275 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

M. 96 =

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y sins de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

276 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

M. 48 = 𝅗𝅥

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

277 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. Thomas Hastings.

M. 69 = ♩

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land:
   I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: } Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. { O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
   Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro': } Strong De liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears subside;
   Bear me thro' the swell-ing current, Land me safe on Canaan's side: } Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.

278 Father, Whate'er.

Anna Steele.

M. 69 = ♩

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless-ing of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

279 Lord, Dismiss Us.

Walter Shirley. **Rousseau.**

M. 88 = ♩ FINE.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, whene'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

D.C.—O re-fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wild - er-ness.
May Thy presence, may Thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er, may we ev - er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

D.C.

Let us each Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.
Borne on an-gel's wings to heav-en, Glad the summons to o - bey.

280 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

M. 100 = ♩

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright: On Thee, the high and low-ly. Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Holy, ho-ly, bo - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

1. On Thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had it birth; On Thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth; On Thee, our Lord victorious, The Spirit sent from heav'n; And thus on Thee, most glorious, A triple light was given.

3. To-day on wea - ry na-tions The heav'nly man-na falls; To ho - ly con - vo - ca-tion The sil-ver trumpet calls, Where gospel light is glowing With pure and radiant beams, And living water flowing With soul re-fresh-ing streams.

281 Rock of Ages.

M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

282 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 112 = ♩

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

283 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. **William Croft.**

M. 100 = ♩

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Uu - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. Time like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope-ning day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

284 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. German.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. How ted - ious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see;
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweeter than mu - sic His voice;

f FINE.

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His presence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re-joice;

D.S. But when I am hap - py, in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py, as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

D. S.

The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Soy, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dsrk clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

285 Come, Thou Fount.

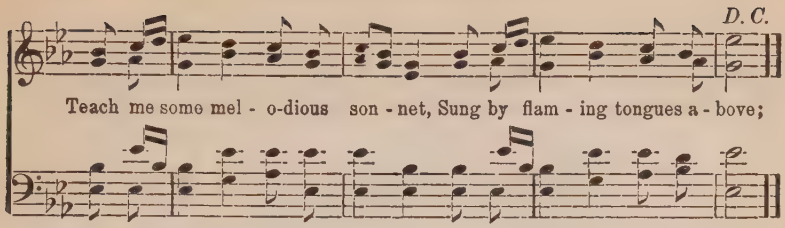
Robert Robinson. John Wyeth.

M. 66 = ♩ FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
{ Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of Thy Re-deem-ing love!

Come, Thou Fount.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

286 Come, Thou Fount.

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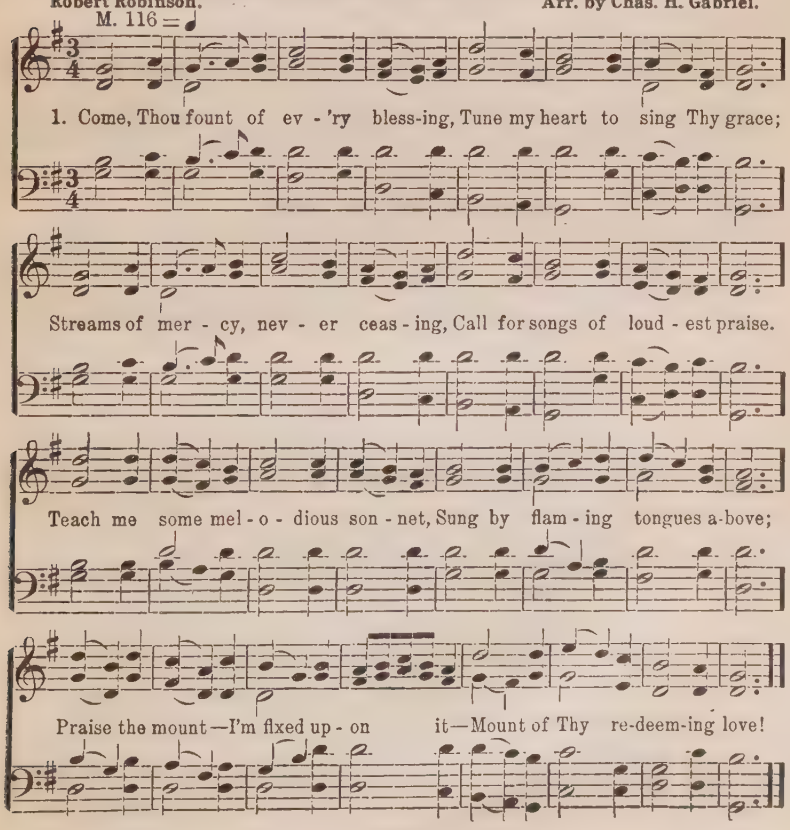
Robert Robinson. **Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.**

M. 116 = ♩



287 Christ, the Lord, Is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. J. R. Ahle.

M. 116 = ♩

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain, our glo-rious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting?

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re-ply.
Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for - bids His rise—Christ hath o-pened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save; Where's thy vict'ry, boast - ing grave?

288 Soldiers of the Cross.

Jared B. Waterbury. Scotch.

M. 132 = ♩

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo! your Lead - er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be - gin; Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Je - sus con-quered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell;
4. On - ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod;

Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry.
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, Trust - ing in the Lord:
Now He leads you on to swell The tri - umphs of His cross.
Fol - low where your Lead - er trod; You soon shall see His face.

Soldiers of the Cross.

Seize your ar - mor, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar - mor bright, War-riors of the King of light,
Though all earth and hell ap - pear, Who will doubt, or who will fear?
Soon, your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain,

See, the strife will soon be done; Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.
Nev - er yield, nor lose by flight Your di - vine re - ward.
God, our strength and shield, is near; We can - not lose our cause.
Soon you'll join that glo - rious train Who shout their Sav - ior's praise.

289 God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. **Samuel Webbe.**

M. 116 = ♩

1. God moves in a mys-te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He
2. Deep in un-fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He
3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Be-
5. His pur-pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The

plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
treas-ures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.
big with mer - cy, and shall braak In bless - ings on your head.
hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.

290 O Thou In Whose Presence.

Joseph Swain. Freeman Lewis.

M. 126 = ♩

1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pas - tures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der - ness rove?
3. O why should I wan - der an a - lien from Thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be - lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.

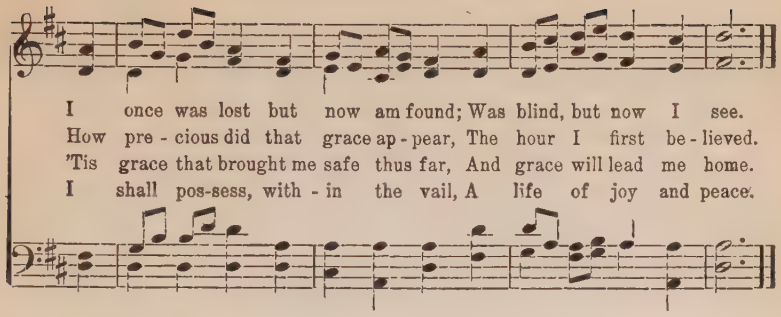
291 Amazing Grace.

Rev. John Newton Samuel Stanley.

M. 84 = ♩

1. A - maz-ing grace how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease;

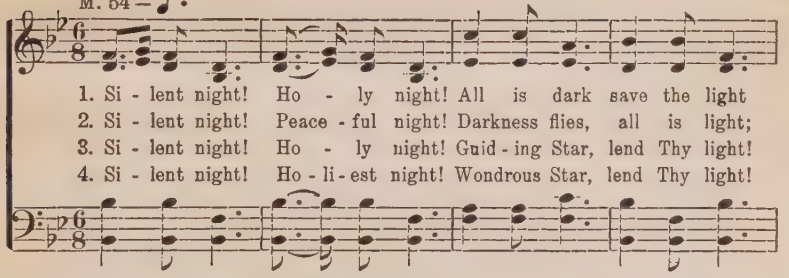
Amazing Grace.

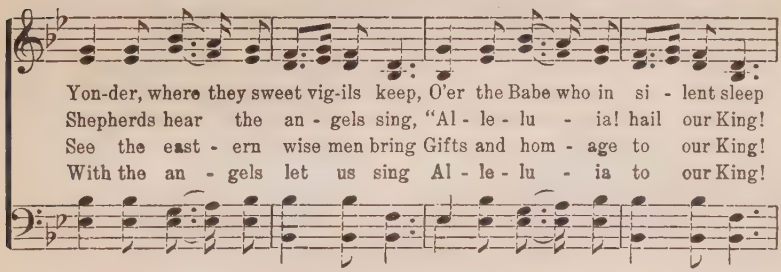


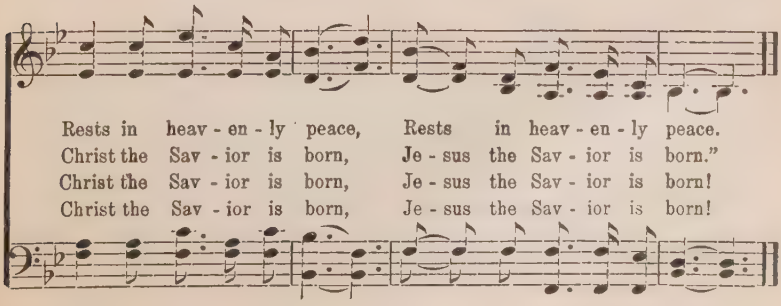
292 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Joseph Mohr. **Franz Gruber.**

M. 54 = ♩.







293 The God of Abraham Praise.

T. Olivers. Jewish Air.

M. 80 = 𝅗𝅥

1. The God of Abraham praise! Who reigns enthroned a - bove, An - cient of
2. The God of Abraham praise! At whose supreme command From earth I
3. The God of Abraham praise! Whose all-suf-fi-cient grace, Shall guide me

ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love! Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By
rise, And seek the joys at His right hand: I all on earth forsake, Its
all my hap - py days in all my ways: He calls a worm His friend! He

earth and heav'n confest! I bow, and bless the sacred name, For ev - er blest!
wis - dom, fame, and pow'r, And Him my on-ly por-tion make, My Shield and Tower.
calls Himself my God! And He shall save me to the end Through Jesus' blood!

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

294 Praise Him Evermore.

Dr. Edwards.

M. 108 = ♩

1. We sing the Fa - ther's won-drous love, Its rich and boundless store, Its
2. We sing the Sav - ior's life and death, Who all our sorrows bore, Who
3. We sing the Spir - it's cleansing pow'r, Who doth our souls restore, Who
4. And when redeemed and sanc - ti - fied We reach the heav'nly shore, We

Praise Him Evermore.

rich and bound-less store; We, too, shall love Him in re-
all our sor - rows bore; We'll bless Him with our lat - est
doth our souls re - store; In ho - ly liv - ing may we
reach the heav'n - ly shore, We shall ex - tol the Tri - une

turn, And praise Him ev - er - more, And
breath, And praise Him ev - er - more, And
learn To praise Him ev - er - more, To
God, And praise Him ev - er - more, And
And praise Him ev-er -

And praise Him ev - er - more, And praise Him ev - er -

praise Him ev - er - more, And praise Him ev - er - more.
more,

more, And praise Him ev - er-more, And praise Him ev - er - more.

295 Gloria Patri.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. Amen.

296 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.

M. 104 = ♩

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

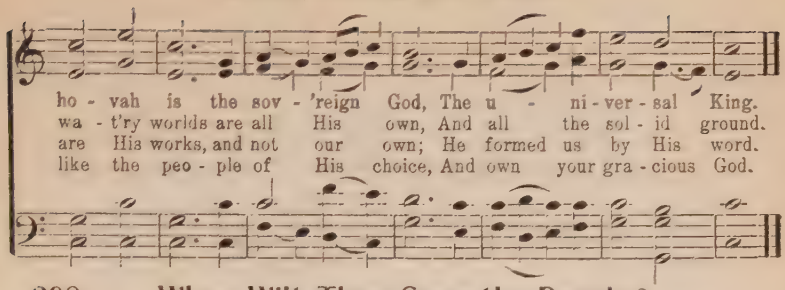
297 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. Isaac Smith.

M. 80 = ♩

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor-ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,

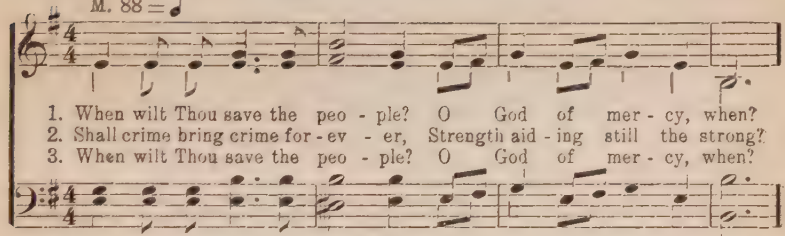
Come, Sound His Praise.

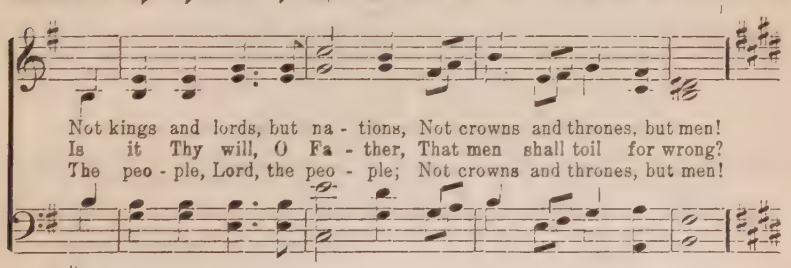


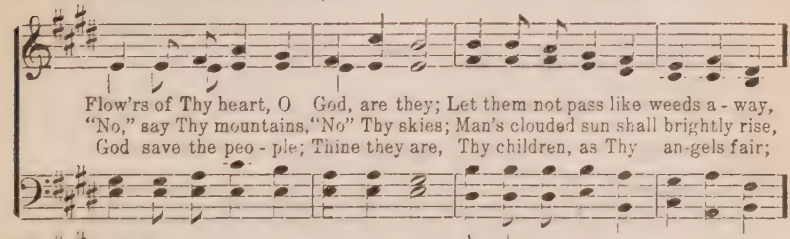
298 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

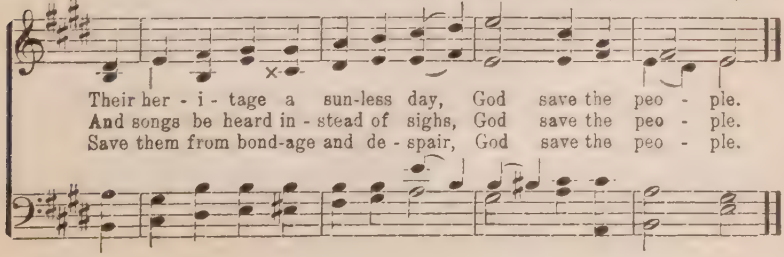
Ebenezer Elliot. **Josiah Booth.**

M. 88 = ♩









299 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. Lewis Edison.

M. 108 = ♩

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sac-ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter-cede: His all re-deeming love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour effectual pray'rs,

In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong-ly plead for me, "For-give Him, O for - give," they cry,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"For-give Him, O for-give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

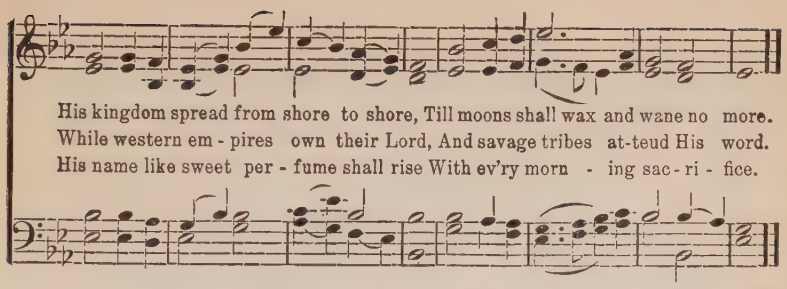
300 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

M. 104 = ♩

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;

Jesus Shall Reign.



301 Break Thou The Bread Of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury — William L. Sherwin.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, Dear Lord, To me— to me— As Thou didst
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With - in Thy Word, And in Thy book revealed I see the Lord.

302 Heaven.

William Hunter. Abraham D. Merrill.

M. 116 = ♩

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
   { An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly
2. { Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on be-fore, Waiting, they watch me ap -
   { Sing - ing to cheer me through death's chill-ing gloom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly
3. { Death with thy weap-on of war, lay me low, Strike, king of ter-rors, I
   { Je - sus hath brok-en the bars of the tomb; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spir - its a - bove; } { Soon with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low, }
haste to thy home; } { Home to that land of de - light will I go; }
proaching the shore; } { Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear; }
haste to thy home; } { Harps of the bless - ed, your voic - es I hear; }
fear not the blow; } { Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn; }
will I go home; } { Death shall be ban-ished, his scep - tre be gone; }

Pil-grim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful-ly rest-ing at home.
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful-ly haste to Thy home
Joy - ful-ly, then, shall I witness his doom, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful-ly, safe-ly at home.

303 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. A. L. Peace.

p M. 58 = ♩

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O Light that fol-low'st all my way, I yield my flick-'ring
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its borrowed ray, That
heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

304 Come, Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.

M. 88 = ♩

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

305 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

M. 108 = ♩

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path - way shall lie; My grace, all-suf

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I

you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - -
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - -
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep -
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold

sus hath fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled?
o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress.
to re - fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

306 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

(Music on opposite page.)

1. O come, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing!
   Come, see in a manger the angels' dread King!
   To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord,
   O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

2. O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
   "To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
   To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
   O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

3. To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
   Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
   True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
   O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

307 Jesus Has Loved Me.

J. Wakefield MacGill. Antoine E. Batiste.

M. 116 = ♩

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

loved me, I can - not tell why;..... He came to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how;..... But this I do know,
lead me, I can - not tell where;.... So I will fol - low

sin-ners un - wor - thy; My heart He conquered, for Him I would die.
He came, my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal-v'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun - shine or tempest, since He leads me there.

308 I Do Believe!

C. Wesley.

M. 55 = ♩

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;

Cho.—I do be-lieve, I do be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D. C. for Chorus.

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!

And through His blood His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 O Jesus, conld I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

309 No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar. Fr. Alfred R. Gaul.

M. 96 ♩

1. No shadows yon - der! All light and song? Each day I won-der, And
2. No weep-ing yon - der! All fled a - way! While here I wan-der, Each
3. No part - ing yon - der! No space of time Shall hearts e'er sun-der, In
4. None wanting yon - der! Bought by the Lamb, All gathered un - der The

say, "How long shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"
wea - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.
that fair clime, Dear - er and fond - er—In friendshp sub-lime.
ov - er-green palm, Loud as night's thun-der Swells out the glad psalm.

310 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

M. 96 = ♩ Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to our Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; Without our aid He did us make;
3. O en - ter then His gates of joy, With-in His courts His praise proclaim;
4. Be-cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thank-ful songs your tongues employ, O bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

311 Praise God.

Thos. Ken. Rev. George Coles.

M. 96 = ♩

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

f. FINE.

Praise Him a - bove ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

D. S.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below.

Selected Readings

OFFERTORY SENTENCES

Freely ye have received, freely give —Matt. 10:8

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts. 20:35.

—X—

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for god loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9:7

—X—

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16:2.

—X—

"All things come to thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee."
(May be used in a chant)

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in heaven: Hallowed by thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

God spake these words, saying: I am the Lord thy God;

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou, labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: Wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

JESUS' EARLY LIFE

Matt. 2,19-23

19 ¶But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

20 Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

21 And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.

22 But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee:

23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

Luke 2, 41-51

41 Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42 And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43 And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44 But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45 And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46 And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47 And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48 And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49 And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50 And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51 And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

JESUS' BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION

Matt. 3, 13-17

13 ¶Then .cometh .jesus .from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

17 And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Luke 4, 1-13

1 And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness.

2 Being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered.

3 And the devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread.

4 And Jesus answered him saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.

5 And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me: and to whomsoever I will, I give it.

7 If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine.

8 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

9 And he brought him to Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence:

10 For it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:

11 And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

12 And Jesus answering said unto him, it is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

13 And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from him for a season.

JESUS, THE FRIEND OF SINNERS

Luke 7, 36-49

36 ¶And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

37 And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

38 And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

39 Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner.

40 And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.

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JESUS, THE FRIEND OF SINNERS

Luke 7, 36-49

36 ¶And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

37 And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

38 And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

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8 Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

A GOD OF MERCY

Psalm 36.

1 The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

2 For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

3 The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

4 He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

5 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

6 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

7 How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

9 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

10 O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the uprightness to the upright in heart.

HOPE AND TRUST

Psalm 42.

1 As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continuallly say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a Multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, my prayer unto the God of my life.

A GOD TO GLORIFY

Psalm 48.

1 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

2 Beautiful for stiuation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

5 They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

6 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as a woman in travail.

7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever. .Selah.

9 We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

11 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

14 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

THE NATURAL HEART

Psalm 53.

1 The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity: there is none that doeth good.

2 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

3 Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread: they have not called upon God.

5 There were they in great fear, where no fear was: for God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth against thee: thou hast put them to shame, because God hath despised them.

6 Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

GOD'S MAJESTY IN THE CHURCH

Psalm 76

1 In Judah is God known: his name is great in Israel.

2 In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling place in Zion.

3 There brake he the arrows of the bow, the shield, and the sword, and the battle.

4 Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountain of prey.

5 The stouthearted are spoiled, they have slept their sleep: and none of the men of might have found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob, both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.

7 Thou, even thou, art to be feared: and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?

8 Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven; the earth feared, and was still.

9 When God arose to judgment, to save all the meek of the earth.

10 Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.

11 Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God: let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.

12 He shall cut off the spirit of princes: he is terrible to the kings of the earth.

A WONDERFUL PRAYER

Psalm 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwellingplace in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayeth, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD

Psalm 97

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

9 For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

10 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

GODLINESS IS PROFITABLE

Psalm 112.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

4 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

5 A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

6 Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

PATIENCE IN HOPE

Psalm 130.

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

2 Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice if my supplications.

3 If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

4 But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

7 Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

A PSALM OF PRAISE

Psalm 146.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

2 While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

3 Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

6 Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

7 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners:

8 The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous:

9 The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

10 The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

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